



FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER



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ITALY.—POPE LEO XIII., FORMERLY CARDINAL JOACHIM PECCI, ELECTED TO THE PONTIFICATE AS THE SUCCESSOR OF THE LATE PIUS IX., BY THE SACRED CONCLAVE, FEBRUARY 20TH.—SEE PAGE 6.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
537 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK.

FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

NEW YORK, MARCH 9, 1878.

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THE present issue is the first Number of the Forty-sixth Volume of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER. In view of the constantly increasing patronage which the reading and business community bestow upon it, based upon the excellence of its past achievements, there is no need of making further assurances for the future, than that in all its departments every possible effort will be made to maintain it at the high standard it now occupies as the oldest and most meritorious exponent of illustrated journalism in America.

THE LOUISIANA IMBROGLIO.

THE poet Dante has left us a vivid picture of that repulsive gulf in his "Inferno," to which he gives the name of Malebolge—a lake of boiling pitch, reserved for the punishment of those who, during their lives, had made a trade of politics, while ever and anon "foul bubbles, raised by the boiling," appeared on the surface of the "glutinous thick mass." Louisiana, or—to speak, perhaps, with a stricter geographical accuracy—the city of New Orleans, has long been the Malebolge of American politics—at least in the mass of pitch which has there defiled the traders in politics, if not in the penal fires which make it retributive.

The country has just been called, in the trial of Anderson for alleged complicity in the forgery of election returns, to which we referred last week, to witness one of the "foul bubbles" which mark the seething mass of a turbid political pool that has long been an offense to the nostrils of the people. The sorry pass to which the politics of Louisiana were brought under the administration of the Returning Board and of its beneficiaries is again made sensible to the whole country by the strange spectacle which we have been called to witness in the case of Anderson. Never before in the history of this country, we are sure, has a prisoner in the dock, on trial for felony, received a letter of sympathy from a member of the Cabinet, a Senator of the United States and two members of the House of Representatives, intervening in the administration of justice by a State court, and expressing to him the opinion that "in any event they were confident that the American people will redress any injustice of which he (the accused) may be made the victim." Never before, we are sure, has an accused party been informed by such high authorities, and that, too, *pendente lite*, of their "unhesitating belief" in his innocence; that he was "altogether guiltless of any offense against law," that he was "falsely accused and maliciously persecuted;" that the proceeding against him was "without the substance of justice;" and that in view of these considerations they tender him "their earnest sympathies," and express the hope that "the sense of justice and love of peace of the people of Louisiana will protect him, and not permit the best interests of the whole country to be disturbed by a revival of sectional animosities."

It is hard to say whether such an address to a prisoner at the bar of a State court is more to be deplored because of its alleged truth or its alleged falsity. If true, we are bound to believe that the administration of justice in the court of Judge Whitaker has "fallen into the street," and deserves to be trodden under the feet of men who have any respect for law and right—a result greatly to be lamented in the interest of that policy of pacification

to which President Hayes has set his hand with the approval of right-minded men throughout the country. If false, it indicates the presence of a strange judicial blindness, obscuring a sense of right and of public duty, in the minds of men who are pledged alike by their intelligence and their public position to utter only words of truth and soberness in the hearing of their countrymen. And whether true or false, it looms up as a hideous political anomaly, the full force and effect of which can be adequately conceived only by picturing to ourselves the public indignation which would be excited if the administration of justice in New York or Massachusetts had been exposed to such an insult in the high places of the land.

We repeat that, in so writing, we withhold the expression of any opinion upon the merits of this prosecution. We are well aware that, in treading on this dangerous ground, we are walking over ashes which ill conceal the burning embers of a hot and passionate political controversy. For long years, if we may believe what the politicians of Louisiana have said of each other, the politics of this afflicted State have vibrated between fraud and force—between the trickery of the Returning Board on the one hand, and the violence of the White League on the other. It has been too much the habit of partisan Republicans to reserve their indignation for Democratic "turbulence and outrage" in Louisiana—forgetting that such "turbulence and outrage" were but the natural expressions of a popular unrest resulting from a vulgar and intolerable oppression. It has been too much the habit of partisan Democrats to inveigh against Republican "corruption and knavery" in Louisiana, while denying the effects of both, as seen in an insurgent spirit breaking out ever and anon in explosions of private violence and public anarchy. The sequelae of this unfortunate political *status* are not to be eliminated from the body politic in a single year. It is among the inherited curses of tyranny that the worst of its evils are sometimes the after-birth of a wrong which has, in a measure, ceased to exist—as, for instance, when the reaction of the French Revolution came to a head under the mild sceptre of Louis XVI. President Hayes may well congratulate himself that his "pacific policy" in the South has thus far been attended by so few of the back-handed blows and recoils which might have been expected from a sudden removal of the alien and intrusive forces introduced into Southern politics under the sway of his predecessor. The mace of Hayes has proved to be stronger than the sword of Grant.

GREAT BRITAIN'S ESCAPE FROM WAR.

WHILE a small, but turbulent, portion of the subjects of Queen Victoria were expressing in a rude, illogical way their eagerness for war, by stoning the windows out of the town residence of Mr. Gladstone—as the mob of an earlier generation once stoned them out of Apsley House, thus delicately signifying to the Duke of Wellington that his political course was unsatisfactory—a larger and worthier class, through methods less violent and more intelligible, urgently addressed Parliament in the interests of peace. Messrs. Bolckon, Vaughn & Co., representing a laboring constituency numbering 12,000 operatives and expending \$5,000,000 per annum in wages, set forth that for the last two years they have maintained an almost insupportable struggle against the depressed state of trade, and that war at this time would menace with ruin and extinction many of the leading interests of the country. Many of the iron and coal industries of the United Kingdom, some of them of immense extent and old foundation, have, in fact, given up the struggle, gone out of existence, retaining not enough vitality, even in a crisis so urgent, to express itself in a petition or a remonstrance. From these facts it is apparent that, however warlike the spirit of the noisy part of the nation at the menaced occupancy of Constantinople by the Russians, all her substantial interests were for peace, and would have been seriously jeopardized by war even for a purpose so vital as that of protecting the Turkish capital from invasion and keeping the Black Sea from becoming, like the Caspian, a Russian lake. Some of her industries would have been temporarily stimulated by war, but most of them would have been still further depressed, even if they had not been permanently overthrown. She holds now by incessant vigilance and strenuous competition the industrial place which was once hers indisputably, and which was not dangerously threatened by any rivalry. It may therefore be considered fortunate for her prosperity that the war-cloud which lowered so darkly over her horizon only a little while ago has lifted and blown away; and it is not impossible that even the impetuous patriots whose initial view of the situation was conveyed by paving-stones through the casements of the ex-Premier

may in time come round to that sober and sagacious way of thinking. The nation is, to all present appearances, well out of a perilous crisis, and has escaped a collision in which she had little to gain except the possible restoration of a waning prestige, while she had much, both moral and material, which it was possible for her to lose.

POLAR COLONIZATION.

IN one of Jules Verne's ingenious, quasi-scientific romances, the feasibility is urged of reaching the North Pole by establishing, at convenient intervals on the route, depots of supply, each of which, as successively located, would serve as the base of further progress towards the desired goal. This scheme appears to have been seriously adopted by Captain Howgate, of the United States Signal Service, and is in a fair way for being practically tested under Government auspices. On February 20th the House Committee on Naval Affairs agreed to report favorably upon the Bill "to authorize the President to fit out an expedition to the North Pole, and to establish a temporary colony for purposes of exploration." This subject was referred to a sub-committee, which made its report to the full committee about a month ago. Subsequently the Senate Committee on Naval Affairs adopted the same report. The expedition which it is thus proposed to authorize and equip is that projected by Captain Howgate, of the Signal Corps, after Jules Verne's method. The committee, after expressing the opinion that it is constitutional to appropriate money for such a purpose, says that the committee has ascertained to its satisfaction that the results yielded by prior explorations in the Polar Seas have in calculably benefited the world; that the knowledge acquired by experiment and discovery in that region can be obtained in no other way and in no other section of the globe; and that such action is an important factor in the regulation of commerce, which is absolutely dependent, so far as decreasing the perils of the deep and enlarging the boundaries of navigation are concerned, upon the knowledge of physical laws. Captain Howgate's plan, the committee continues, known as "Polar Colonization," has received hearty approval from such distinguished experts, scientists, students and explorers as Professor Joseph Henry, Professor Loomis, Professor Potter, of Union College; Admiral Porter, Rear-Admiral Davis, Charles P. Daly, President of the American Geographical Society; Dr. Isaac I. Hayes, and others, and is also warmly approved by the Secretary of the Navy. The committee reviews the plans proposed by Captain Howgate and approves them, and calls attention to the fact that England, Sweden, Holland, Germany and Russia will send out expeditions whose simultaneous observations, supplemented by those of the Howgate expedition, will be of great value to science. The amount it is proposed to appropriate is \$50,000.

A POLITICAL PLATFORM
WANTED.

WHAT a terrible state of affairs it would be if it should ever happen in this country that the crude material for the manufacture of hostile political platforms should become exhausted. The current coin of the realm is always that which, if there be a choice and a difference, is the most worthless—the most valuable invariably, according to what is known as Gresham's law, being elbowed out of sight. It cannot be that the same is true respecting tenders of patriotic sentiments and public devotion, and that the prevailing political coins minted in National and State platforms, duly stamped "Whereas the people" and "Resolved that votes be given us," are not sterling metal! However this may be, it seems absolutely necessary at present to make improvements in political mining at the risk of absolutely running out of bullion before the next Presidential election. Neither party has any bonanza to open; all the political treasures seem to have been granted in common to the people—liberty, equality, fraternity. There is really great apparent risk of many partisan politicians being thrown out of employ. By next Winter there may be serious destitution and suffering amongst the political classes. The nation is practicing very severe economy, and, having disposed of slavery, seems disposed to go out of the sectional business altogether. This leaves only economic questions to deal with, and such questions do not work up so well into a good popular political platform. The popular heart on such applications will not inflame readily, and it is certain to inflame irregularly and in spots. Silver, for instance, may have a caustic and irritating effect in Mississippi as well as in New York and Vermont, whereas in Ohio and Louisiana its operation may be soothing and tend to corpulence. It is clear that the body politic is getting tired of blood-

letting and heroic politics. The most astute manager—that is to say, patriot—of either party would be troubled to draft today the platform on which he would desire his candidate to stand in 1880. Slavery is a dead cock in the pit. The Southern question is also past revival. The Government of Louisiana or South Carolina is now entirely and for ever a question of peculiar interest only to the people of those States respectively. Who is elected to represent those Governments hereafter will excite the same general political interest as successful candidates in any Northern State. As a practical question in the next campaign, it cannot be an issue whether provisional governments shall be restored to Louisiana and South Carolina any more than it can be a practical issue whether negro slavery shall be restored.

In finance it does not appear that a party issue can be presented. The silver question has divided both parties in the House, in the Senate, and quite as evidently among the people. In fact, it appears to have divided the very souls of those most conspicuous as possible Presidential candidates—excepting General McClellan, who appears to have spoken with no disposition to compromise on the question. We have no material, then, evidently for a good political platform. And as to civil service reform, that evidently cannot be again a popular cry. The President is overwhelmed and discomfited by a union of both parties against him in Congress assembled; and the last man who is known to have spoken in favor of civil service reform, as a political measure, was the President. No future candidate will run an equal risk. It is evident, unless Bob Ingersoll, who has succeeded in raising a genuine issue, can launch a new party, we are likely to have no more heated discussions, and people will have nothing to do except to be happy.

THE Senate did a very laudable thing last week in restoring to the pension-rolls the veterans of the war of 1812 who were dropped during the Rebellion. Mr. Blaine carried the Senate with him by arguing that the old soldiers were unfit for military service, and that all those who had gone into war against the Government had long ago been forgiven. He said that the sons of the old men had gone into the Rebellion, and they had been forgiven, but the old men themselves, who did not take part in the war, could not be forgiven, because they had sympathized with their friends and neighbors and had hoped for the safety of their sons. It was now sought to restore the old men, about one hundred in number, to the pension-rolls, for honorable services against a foreign foe, and he did not envy the impulses of those who would vote against it. Senator Ingalls said that any one who would not do justice to the old soldier would strike a woman or kick a baby.

THE WEST POINT ACADEMY.

EVERY year, when the item of appropriation for the Military Academy at West Point comes up for discussion before Congress, there are not wanting persons who inquire what benefit the country derives from this institution, and why the nation should be burdened with the expense. In view of this constantly recurring inquiry, it may be well to consider some of the claims to existence that the Academy has, and if possible, try to convince the skeptical that the money spent upon it is well invested. We must take it for granted that a small standing army is a necessity in this country, particularly as long as the West is infested with Indians, and the Eastern ports require men to man the forts. To supply this army with educated officers, a Government institution would seem to be a necessity. We are aware that certain needy colleges have offered to do the work of education at a cheaper rate if the Government would farm out the job to them, but such an arrangement could scarcely be seriously considered as a substitute for the present efficient method of instruction. The West Point Academy is annually subjected to the most rigid inspection by a Board of Visitors appointed by the President. A searching examination of the classes is conducted by this board, and as everything is open to the public, there is no opportunity for concealment. If there is any safeguard in the most open and critical exhibition of every detail of a school, our Military Academy is a conspicuous illustration of the benefits to be derived from such a condition. The whole country feels at liberty to pry into the affairs of a national school, and if there is anything amiss, it is pretty certain to be published to the ends of the earth. Perhaps there is a little too much of this surveillance for the comfort of the excellent corps of professors who have to perform the heavy work of drill and instruction. They might occasionally be excused for desiring to have some retreat into which they could withdraw from the public gaze; but it is impossible, and they must be content to live in glass-houses all their lives.

The effect of so much inspection and publicity must be to correct abuses and to render it nearly impossible for any one to neglect his duty. There is no parallel to this in any college or university, for these are generally close corporations, and the trustees hold secret meetings and are only occasionally held up to public view when caught in some questionable transaction. These facts ought to close the mouths of persons who are dissatisfied, as their remedy is very simple. Few colleges could stand the scrutiny that is annually expended on West Point, and these corporations ought, therefore, to hold their peace or come to the aid of their brother institution. There can be no doubt about the thoroughness and efficiency of the instruction at West Point, and we can pass on to the consideration of another point in the argument. The use of trained officers is by no means limited to the regular army—on the contrary, we need many more of them to drill and exercise our militia companies and our National Guard. A most important service could be rendered by trained officers in drilling the militia of the States from which the cadets received their appointments. Instead of requiring the graduates to remain a term of years in the service of the United States, they could be very effectively used at once in the training of military companies, and could be assigned to this duty immediately after graduation. A petition, numerously signed by persons interested in military affairs, has recently been sent to Congress, requesting that a provision shall be inserted in the Army Appropriation Bill establishing a fund for the encouragement of rifle practice not only in the regular army but among the uniformed militia of the several States. The petition sets forth that the improvements made in small arms, while increasing their range and effective power, demand a higher degree of skill from those who carry them. In the hands of men who are not properly instructed in their use, the petitioners say they are in no respect superior to the weapons used twenty years ago. The changes that have taken place in the condition of society have prevented our people from acquiring that skill in the use of the rifle for which they were formerly celebrated, and which, in the early history of our country, rendered the militia so formidable even as opposed to regulars.

To remedy this defect and to encourage rifle practice, it is proposed that the Secretary of War be empowered to offer prizes to the uniformed militia of the different States for excellence in shooting, and to issue ammunition for practice, to aid in the construction of ranges, and to promote rifle practice among the organized militia. How the Secretary is to accomplish this is not indicated, and we, therefore, venture to suggest the employment of West Point graduates in this service, and that rifle practice, the construction of targets, and the use of small arms, be made a prominent feature of the training at the Military Academy, so that the cadets may be thoroughly prepared for the new service. The grievous blunders of the militia regiments of Pennsylvania at the time of the Pittsburgh riots show the necessity for better drill and better officers; and, as we are opposed to large standing armies as being inimical to republican institutions, we must look to more efficient drill and officering of our volunteers to protect us in times of emergency. It is worthy of consideration whether the number of cadets at West Point could not be advantageously increased in order to afford a suitable quota of trained teachers for the various States of the Union. The usefulness of the Military Academy would thus be greatly increased, and the necessity for an addition to our regular army would be obviated. Mr. Evarts, in his recent able speech at the laying of the corner-stone of the Seventh Regiment Armory, dwelt with peculiar and appropriate emphasis upon the protection afforded to the community by the presence of such a thoroughly drilled regiment in the city. There was imminent danger of riots in New York, which in a few hours would have destroyed many lives and millions of property. The presence of this regiment averted the malcontents, and saved the community from impending danger. Instead, therefore, of abolishing the West Point Academy, it is proper to consider whether its teaching capacity should not be doubled in order to afford trained officers for the instruction of the uniformed militia of the several States.

A NEW plan for utilizing postmasters has just been broached. Mr. Nathan Appleton, a member of the Franco-American Union, the Central Committee at Paris, composed of Frenchmen and Americans, which has charge of the colossal statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World," by the sculptor Bartholdi, for the harbor of New York, has written a letter to the Postmaster-General asking that postmasters throughout the United States might be authorized to receive and hold subscriptions for the pedestal, which is to be furnished by the American people. In reply he has been

informed that the committee in charge of this international work can make such arrangements with postmasters as will enable them to accomplish the object they have in view. A comprehensive and reliable system for doing our share in this great monument of art and good feeling between the Republics of France and the United States is thus assured.

THE SILVER BILL PASSED.

THE determination of the House of Representatives to pass the Silver Bill was a second time displayed on February 21st, when the Senate amendments were concurred in, after an hour's boisterous discussion. It goes now to the President, and notwithstanding that Mr. Hayes has preserved a uniform reticence as to his intentions on the subject, there is little reason to doubt that he will veto it. The more offensive features of the Bland measure which originally passed the House have been lopped from the Bill, and it is the belief of even its opponents that in its present shape it will not conflict with the execution of the Resumption Act. But it is also considered more than probable that the President's acquiescence in the Bill would encourage the silver inflationists for further operations against the public credit, and consequently the friends of Mr. Hayes are confident that he will refuse his sanction. The ultra silver men, however, are equally assured of a different result. Should the President veto the Bill, there is ground for believing that an effort would immediately be made by the friends of the Government's credit to present as an alternative a Bill authorizing the issue of forty or fifty millions of silver dollars as subsidiary coin with a limited legal tender, further operations to await the report of the International Commission, and with it has been suggested, a distinct understanding that the American members of that commission shall be instructed to labor for the remonetization of silver at a common ratio by several European nations in common with ourselves.

RUSSIA'S TRIUMPH.

EUROPEAN dispatches down to last Monday indicate that the humiliation of Turkey has been about completed. Russia has imposed fresh conditions of peace, of which the following may be cited as the most important features: A new boundary has been laid out for Bulgaria, which district is to be governed by a sovereign prince; whose nomination is to be submitted for sanction to the Porte and the European Powers; the Bulgarian tribute to the Porte is to be equal in amount to the net revenue of the Province; a Russian Commission is to superintend the Bulgarian Government for two years, and 50,000 Russian troops are to occupy the Principality during that period. The conditions also require the cession of Podgoritz and Antivari, with other territory, to Montenegro, Russia to have power to cede the Dobrudza to Roumania in exchange for Roumanian Bessarabia; cessions of territory in Bosnia, and towards Nissa, to Servia; prohibition of passage through the Straits to men-of-war except in isolated cases; absolute freedom of passage for merchantmen, even in time of war; payment of an indemnity of 1,400,000,000 of roubles (about \$1,050,000,000) to cover which Turkey is to cede Batum, Kars, Bayazid, Ardahan and adjacent territory; Turkey also to pay forty millions sterling (about \$200,000,000) in bonds, the interest and sinking fund of which are to be guaranteed by the Bulgarian and Egyptian tributes, the Anatolian revenue and the Heraclia mines; ten millions of roubles to be paid immediately to indemnify Russian residents of Constantinople; Turkey to reimburse Russian capital invested in Russian bonds; also to pay for the maintenance of prisoners of war and the reopening of the Sulina mouth of the Danube. It is believed that Russia will accept four ironclads instead of the six originally demanded.

SECRETARY EVARTS is investigating the matter of the recent violent expulsion, by Canadian fishermen, of Americans from their fishing grounds, and states that if they turn out as represented, he will take occasion to call the attention of the English Minister and the Dominion Government to these infractions of the Treaty of Washington.

It is proposed to restore the franking privilege to members of Congress. Senator Edmunds, who is fathering the movement, asserts that there is not a department officer, high or low, who is not allowed to exercise the franking privilege for the purpose of transacting his business, and that Congressmen alone are left to pay the postage on their letters relating to public affairs. He cannot see the justice of this discrimination. Everybody in the Depart-

ment is furnished with official stamps, and even the public documents are sent free through the mails. Senator Edmunds cannot see why he should pay about \$3 a week for postage on the business of the Senate Judiciary Committee.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

POSTAL SERVICE IN JAPAN.—The Department of State has received from Minister Bingham the full official reports of the Japanese Postmaster-General for the year ended June 30th, 1877, which contain some particulars of interest, in addition to those already published. The postal revenues for the year exceeded the estimates by \$43,328.78, and fell short of the expenses incurred by only \$96,503.92. The whole number of letters, papers, etc., transmitted was 38,321,971, of which over 7,000,000 were native newspapers. The whole number of letters and papers dispatched to foreign countries was 233,677, of which five-sixths went by way of the United States. Out of 184,808 foreign letters and papers received, 132,000 came from the United States. The length of the Japanese post-routes is 34,362 miles, and the number of post-offices 3,744. But 65 letters were lost in transmission during the year, and only \$122.20. Postal savings-banks and postal money-order offices have been introduced, and are in successful operation. Among the most prominent and active officers of the Japanese Post Office Department are two United States citizens, Mr. S. M. Bryan and Mr. L. F. Farr.

AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITS.

The Commissioner of Agriculture has undertaken to collect and prepare, as far as practicable and with as little delay as possible, suitable specimens of the agricultural productions of the several States and Territories of the Union for exhibition at the Paris Exposition. He therefore proposes to accept from any source specimens of native fertilizing materials of vegetable products of every description capable of ready preservation and exhibition and of materials manufactured from such products. They will include intermediate products of the methods of manufacture, which may be so arranged as to show, as far as possible by means of them, the processes involved. The expenses of transportation to Washington must be prepaid by contributors, but for packages the weight of which will not exceed the limit allowed by law for mailable matter (four pounds) the department will furnish on application postage to prepay expenses of transmission through the mails. After the arrival of goods at this point the department will take entire charge of them until their return to this country. The Exposition will be opened May 1st, and it is therefore necessary that all material for exhibition shall be delivered here before March 3d. Parties desiring to contribute material should therefore communicate the fact at once in order to avoid further delay.

THE SALT LAKE SURVEY.—A detachment of Lieutenant Wheeler's United States surveying expedition, having its headquarters at the observatory of the survey, at Ogden, Utah, will continue to prosecute, until the resumption of mountain work in the Spring, a special survey of much interest. This special work embraces an accurate meander of the shore and all the islands of Great Salt Lake, a measurement of the volume and consideration of the character of all the streams entering this land-locked reservoir, and soundings and other measurements necessary to determine the volume of this interesting inland or dead sea. Observations will also be made to ascertain the actual amount of evaporation from the surface, with which the amount of the inflow can be compared and the circumstances of the rise and fall of the lake made known. In connection, observations, with the conditions of rainfall and other meteorological phenomena, will be made, as time permits, at typical points along the drainage lines. The knowledge derived by these observations and operations will enable Lieutenant Wheeler to produce a special physical map which will show the relations of the entire drainage basin. During the Summer months the Ogden Observatory becomes the connecting station for observations from parties of the survey at distant points engaged in the determination of the astronomical co-ordinates of a number of main stations. As soon as the Observatory is fully equipped a series of astronomical, magnetic and meteorological observations will be made with a view to certain results. The outgrowth of the most interesting examinations herein alluded to should show the relations between the maxima and the minima of the humid changes, and if observations are continued for a sufficient length of time the law governing the secular variation in this respect, in this and other interesting and similarly exceptional regions, may be discovered.

THE CASTELLANI COLLECTION.—New York is not to retain possession of the Castellani collection, after all. On February 18th, at the quarterly meeting of the trustees of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the principal business was the discussion of the question whether any effort should be made to raise the \$150,000 necessary to acquire the majolica department of the Castellani collection. John Taylor Johnston, E. Q., the President of the Board, presided, and General di Cesnola acted as secretary. Nearly an hour and a half was consumed in desultory discussion of the value of the collection, the prevalent impression being that the sum of \$150,000 was a rather high price for it. At length at 10:30 o'clock decided action was taken in the passage, without material opposition, of the resolution: "That, in the opinion of the trustees of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the acquisition of the Castellani collection would be most desirable, but that the price asked by Signor Castellani precludes the possibility of its purchase." Signor Castellani was served with an official notice some weeks since that the purchase of the marbles and bronzes could not be entertained at the present juncture, but that the majolica department would be considered at a special meeting of the trustees. His packer has consequently been busy at the Mu-

several weeks in putting the former in condition for shipping, and so little probability existed that the money could be raised for the latter, that the potters have also been packed, with the exception of a few articles. Both will be shipped directly for Paris, where they will be on exhibition at the Exposition. Their places at the Museum will be occupied by the rare collection of the old Dutch, Flemish, French and Italian masters, which became the property of the institution in the Spring of 1871. One hundred of these formerly belonged to a famous Belgian collector, resident near Brussels; seventy-four were obtained in Paris, all described by experts as authentic and in good condition.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

THE Indiana Democratic State Convention met at Indianapolis, February 20th, adopted a platform and nominated a ticket.

THE International Base-ball Association closed its session at Buffalo, N. Y., February 21st. Representatives were present from the leading clubs of the country.

THE Excelsior Buildings, in West Twenty-third Street, and the Third Reformed and West Twenty-third Street Presbyterian Churches, New York City, were destroyed by fire on February 17th.

A GENERAL convention of Boards of Trade was held in Washington, D. C., February 19th and 20th, and resolutions favoring a liberal system of mail contracts to national steam lines were adopted.

NEW YORK CITY officials, having selected Washington Square as the site for the new armory, will ask for authority to erect the same. Much opposition has been manifested by citizens' committees.

OWING to the failure to obtain sufficient subscriptions to purchase the famous Castellani Collection for the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City, the owner will soon remove them to Europe.

AUTHORITY has been given postmasters throughout the country to receive subscriptions to provide a pedestal for the statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World," to be presented by citizens of France.

EIGHT members of the Sophomore Class of the College of New Jersey, at Princeton, have been dismissed, and forty-two sophomores and freshmen suspended indefinitely, for indulging in a hazing affair and a subsequent riotous demonstration.

COMMISSIONER - GENERAL McCORMICK announces that there is no truth in the rumor that the Paris Exposition was to be indefinitely postponed on account of the fears of war in Europe. The agricultural exhibit will be shipped March 15th.

AN unusually severe storm of wind and rain visited Sacramento City, Cal., last week. The levees broke away, and the village of Washington, Vallejo and all the islands in the delta of the river, excepting Grand Island, were flooded almost beyond recognition.

THE United States House of Representatives refused to lay the Senate Silver Bill on the table by a vote of 204 to 72, on February 21st, and concurred in all the amendments. Secretary Sherman says if the Bill becomes a law he will execute it promptly and thoroughly, and in the spirit in which it has passed both Houses.

THE Greenback National Convention met at Toledo, Ohio, February 22d, and organized the National Party. Twenty-eight States were represented. Judge Francis W. Hughes was chosen President, and, on taking the chair, made a speech explaining the purposes of the new party. The platform advocates a National currency which shall be a legal tender for all purposes, taxation of Government bonds and money, and legislation in the interest of labor, and opposes land grants, prison contract labor, and Chinese immigration.

Foreign.

THE Czar has threatened to occupy Constantinople if the Turks continue to delay signing the terms of peace.

THE Turks began the evacuation of Erzeroum, February 17th, and on the 20th the Russians, under General Toldieben, entered Rustchuk.

THE Australian colonies are considering measures to be adopted for the defense of their coasts in the event of Great Britain engaging in war.

CARDINAL JOACHIM PECCI was elected Pope on February 20th, and assumed the name of Leo XIII. He will continue the policy of his predecessor.

An official telegram from Zanzibar announces the death there of MM. Mars and Crespel, who were sent by the King of Belgium to explore the interior of Africa.

A CONCESSION of additional space, one hundred feet square, on the Paris Exposition grounds, has been made to the United States, and an annex will be put up at once.

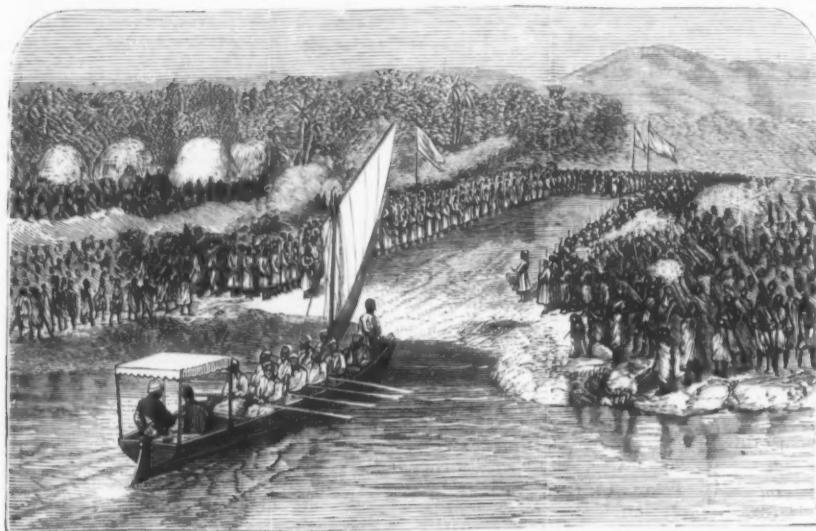
THE Emperor William has assured the Czar of his friendship, and begged him to consider Austria's claims and interests. It appears that Austria is anxious to induce Russia to moderate her programme before the meeting of the Conference.

THE Official Gazette at Havana has published the basis of peace conditions for the Cuban insurgents. It is said that all the insurgent chiefs have given in their adhesion to the conditions, and that general satisfaction is expressed all over the island. There was a great rejoicing and a general illumination in Madrid on the 21st of February over an official announcement of the termination of the war in Cuba.

THE marriage of the Princess Charlotte, eldest daughter of the Crown Prince of Germany and granddaughter of Queen Victoria, to Bernard, the Hereditary Prince of the Duchy of Saxe-Meiningen, and of the Princess Elizabeth, second daughter of Prince Frederick Charles, to Augustus, Hereditary Prince of the Grand Duchy of Oldenburg, were solemnized at Berlin, February 18th, in the chapel of the Old Palace.

POURPARLERS are proceeding between London and St. Petersburg. Russia claims that the British fleet should either quit the Sea of Marmora, or the Russians should have guarantees against its entering the Black Sea. Unless such guarantees are given, the Russians consider that they ought to occupy the shores of the Bosphorus. Sir Stafford Northcote, Chancellor of the Exchequer, replying to a question asked in the House of Commons on February 21st by Lord Hartington, said: "The result of the negotiations with Russia is an understanding that Russia will not occupy any portion of the Peninsula of Gallipoli, or the Bosphorus, or the Asiatic side of the Dardanelles, England undertaking not to land troops at Gallipoli or on the Asiatic side of the Dardanelles." The British War Office has invited proposals for the supply of 150,000 Martini-Henry rifles and 21,000 horses. Another iron clad, built for Turkey and mounting twelve 18-ton guns, has been purchased by the Government. Rumors have obtained free circulation that the Government has received private information that the Turkish fleet is to be surrendered to Russia, and that part of it has already been surrendered.

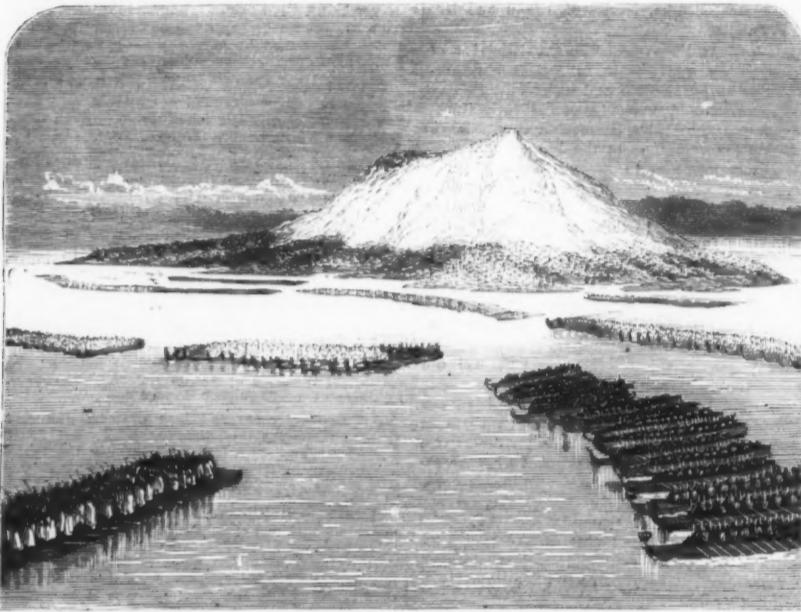
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—See Page 7.



AFRICA.—THE STANLEY EXPEDITION—RECEPTION BY KING MTEZA'S BODY-GUARD.



AFRICA.—THE STANLEY EXPEDITION—THE DASH ACROSS UNYORO.



AFRICA.—THE STANLEY EXPEDITION—NAVAL BATTLE BETWEEN THE WAGANDA AND WAVUMA NEGROES.



AFRICA.—THE STANLEY EXPEDITION—THE BURIAL OF EDWARD POCOCK IN HOSTILE TURU.



AFRICA.—THE STANLEY EXPEDITION—THE GREAT WAR CANOE ON THE RIVER CONGO.



AFRICA.—THE STANLEY EXPEDITION—THE BUMBIREH NEGROES PULLING STANLEY'S CANOE ASHORE.



SPAIN.—THE MARRIAGE OF KING ALFONSO IN THE CHURCH OF THE ATOCHA, MADRID.



SPAIN.—THE MARRIAGE OF KING ALFONSO—THE BRIDAL CARRIAGE RETURNING TO THE PALACE.

ACROSS THE CONTINENT.
THE FRANK LESLIE EXCURSION TO
THE PACIFIC.VIRGINIA CITY UNDERGROUND—VISIT TO
THE VIRGINIA CONSOLIDATED
SILVER MINE.

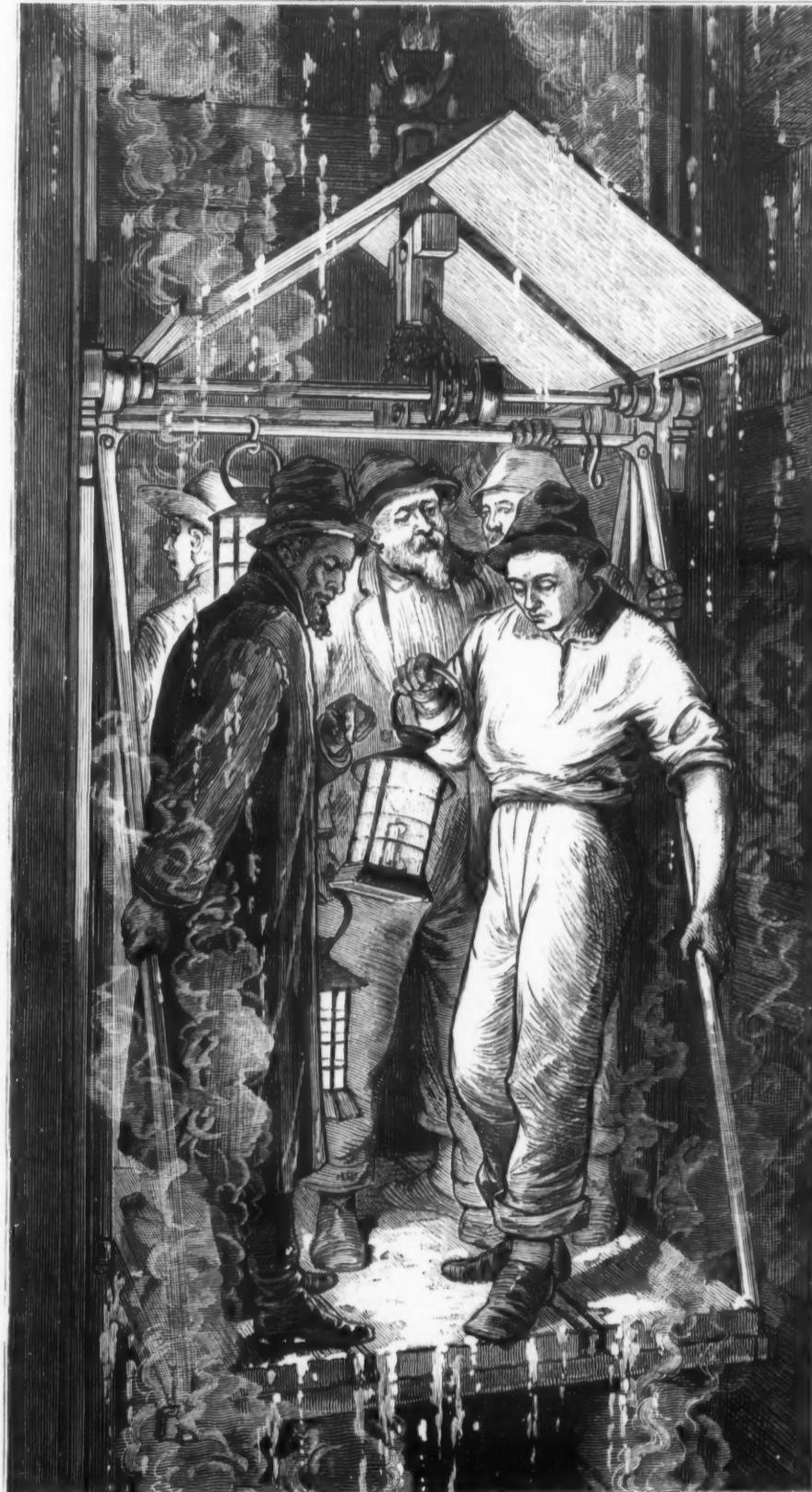
THE recent action of the representatives of the people at Washington with regard to the Silver Question, as the proposed increase of that precious metal as a circulating medium is called, renders any information respecting our sources of the supply of silver more than usually interesting. Every man who has handled a silver dollar has heard of the famous Comstock Lode, and is familiar with the names of such bonanza kings as Jones, Sharon, Flood and O'Brien, whose magnificent wealth has rendered the West famous; but it is doubtful if many persons are acquainted with the means adopted for extracting the sparkling ore from its home in the recesses of the earth, where it has lain hid since the world was young. We will endeavor by pen and pencil to afford them some information on this fascinating subject. The production of silver in the last 400 years has considerably exceeded that of gold, for it is estimated that from 1492 to 1877 as much as \$7,311,000,000 has been the product of the former, as against \$5,443,000,000 of the latter, and the probability is still in favor of a greater increase of silver.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE DESCENT.

The day was cold and chilly for the end of May, and the treeless aspect of the hilly, dusty city of which we were the guests did not serve to dissipate a sort of gloom which seemed to hang over it. To the eye of a stranger, the streets in the daytime were unusually deserted and empty, which was accounted for by the fact that a majority of the population was working under ground, gaining, literally by the sweat of its brow, the liberal wages of four dollars per day, and short shifts at that. It required the exercise of a strong degree of courage to face the fancied perils of a descent 1,600 feet below the surface, though familiarity with danger breeds contempt, and the miners think nothing of it. Entering a large covered building, we were deafened by the din and clatter of a ponderous steam-engine, which lifts and lowers the "cages" on which rest the small, deep, wheeled trucks used as receptacles for the ore. This engine is of excellent manufacture and considerable strength (500-horse power), being one of the notable features of the upper portion of the works. A truck was landed, as we entered the building, and run off to the crushing department, while an empty one was lowered to receive a part of the result of the labors of the 1,000 men who were at work in the caverns beneath us. Men work as low down as 2,500 feet in some mines, though the lowest level in the Virginia is 1,750 feet. The superintendent conducted us to a dressing-room, in which were two baths, supplied with hot and cold water, for use on our emergence from the Tartarean gulf we were about to explore. Here, in obedience to orders, we divested ourselves of every article of clothing, assuming the garb of a miner, which consisted of blue-jean overalls, a woolen shirt of the same color, a pair of gray worsted socks, many sizes too large for an average foot, and an ancient pair of boots, which may have been coeval with the discovery of the mine, and a hat of a nondescript character, the shape of which had been long disdained by fashion. Our appearance caused considerable merriment to our friends, as well it might, though it served to set off those who could boast of muscular proportions. Repairing to the shaft, we found the cage in readiness for our descent.

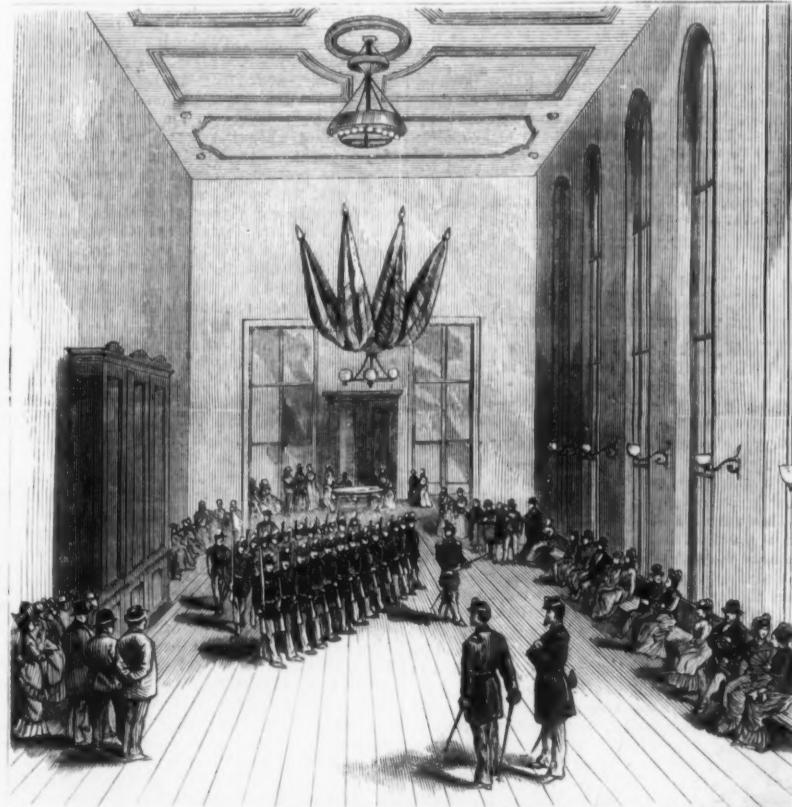
DESCENDING INTO THE MINE.

The sides of the well-like shaft are shored up with timber, and as there is very little space between the walls and the platform on which we took our stand, we were cautioned against protruding our arms. With one hand we grasped the iron support which connected the platform with the suspending chain, and with the other we held on tightly to the person next to us. Including the guide,



NEVADA.—DESCENDING THE SHAFT OF THE CONSOLIDATED VIRGINIA SILVER MINE, IN VIRGINIA CITY.

there were five of us. To the question of "All ready?" we answered in the affirmative. "Stand steady," said the guide, as he gave a signal to the engineer. A gong sounded. The heavy machinery was set in motion, and we began to go down with a startling and decidedly unpleasant rapidity. The darkness became profound, a rushing noise was heard in the ears, big drops of cold water fell upon us, increasing in volume as we progressed; at times the machinery caused the cage to jerk and bump against the side-timbers, which did not add to the peace of mind of the victims to a laudable desire to reach bottom as quickly as might be consistent with safety. Though the entire time consumed in this descent was only forty seconds, it appeared to be a great deal longer to us, to whom the experience was wholly novel, and had we been told that we were three minutes in transit from outer air to inner gloom, we could have believed it. A singular experience was afforded us when about two-thirds of the journey was accomplished. We caught a sort of magic-lantern glimpse of men at work in an upper level; their naked backs gleamed in the light of the candles as they wielded their picks regardless of the ever coming and going cages. It was but a brief vision, for the next instant we were plunging again into the abyss, our frail platform shaking and trembling, while the lowering chain creaked overhead. The descent is usually accomplished in less time than it took to lower us, some consideration being shown for our nerves; yet the pace seemed quite fast enough to satisfy any ordinary mortal. At length we come to a standstill, and have reached the 1,550-foot level or drift. Half-a-dozen men are collected here whose business it is to place the drays or trucks of ore on the cage for their upward journey, the richly laden trucks being propelled along tramways laid down from the mouth of the shaft to the different workings. Each of us was here supplied with lantern containing a lighted candle. The miners eyed us with silent curiosity, without desisting from their work. Owing to the heat, which was oppressive, they operated naked to the waist, and even then the perspiration ran from them in streams, the temperature resembling that of a Russian bath; at intervals were placed buckets of pure, clear water, with large blocks of ice in it, cups wherewith to slake the thirst being handy. Scarcely were we equipped with our lanterns, like so many Diogenes searching for Truth, than the miners near us ceased their operations and crowded to the cage. It was time to change the shift; they had performed their allotted labor, and were to be relieved by others, for night and day. Sundays and holidays included, the mighty engine is in constant motion, the cage ascends and descends, the stamp-mills crush the ore, the water washes it, the quicksilver separates the dross from the pure metal, and the hive of human ants is busy. A day in the Comstock is not a mere trifle of twelve hours, as with the idlers above ground, but of twenty-four, in which there are three shifts, consisting of eight hours each, and right glad are these serfs of the silver-king to be permitted to once more breathe the fresh air and gaze upon the blue sky. This is the poetical view of the case. The more prosaic one is that a good many of the solid Virginians repair to the tobacco-laden atmosphere of a saloon where spirituous liquors are retailed and the seductive game of poker can be indulged in as long as the length of the purse will allow; but hard work and solitude make the miner long for a little gaiety, be it of ever so cheap a kind. The forms of the men we saw elicited general admiration. All were strong, muscular and well-developed, the nature of their work and the continued cleansing process to which they are subjected by reason of the heat conduced to render them lissom and athletic—Agamemnon in the siege of Troy (troy weight). In this connection we may state that we were informed that the men employed in the mine represented nearly every nationality—the native American worked side by side with the Italian, the British lion was jostled by the Russian bear, and the Frenchman evinced no particular antipathy to the German. Titles and professions also find a place in the

SOUTH CAROLINA.—EXTERIOR VIEW OF THE NEW ARMORY OF THE WASHINGTON LIGHT INFANTRY,
IN CHARLESTON.—SEE PAGE 11.SOUTH CAROLINA.—INTERIOR VIEW OF THE WASHINGTON LIGHT INFANTRY ARMORY, IN
CHARLESTON.—SEE PAGE 11.

Comstock. There is the scion of a noble English house, in whose veins runs the blue blood of Norman earls, while French and Spanish counts are not singular; a judge, several army and navy officers, who have graduated at West Point and Annapolis; lawyers, and men who have been shoddy millionaires in the days of high prices and stock fevers, when Con. Vir. was up in the hundreds, instead of being at twenty-two, as it is to-day, are on the pay-roll, with doctors and politicians of every grade. Working in the bowels of the earth, or sheep-herding in the Sierras, is too often the only reward of the enterprising young man who has folded up his tent, like the Arab, and gone West, in the night.

PICKING THE ORE.

As we pushed on through the galleries whose jagged sides were propped up with timber, of which a small forest has already been used in the mine alone, we notice an increase of the heat, which, in spite of the ventilation, is at first oppressive. By-and-by this feeling wears off, and we experience an elasticity of mind and body which is decidedly agreeable. In some places the heat is very severe, and almost incredible in its intensity. Pools of water will often be struck in which an egg will boil in the short space of one minute. It is related that a miner once stepped into such a pool and became so badly scalded before he could be extricated that he died shortly afterwards from the effects of his involuntary bath. The drifts run in every direction from the shaft, and vary in length. The largest drift in the Consolidated Virginia Mine is 280 feet, running east and west, 300 feet north and south, and 150 feet from the top to the bottom. They resemble in appearance arched avenues or spacious tunnels, and are very striking. Here and there the ingredients of the rocky ore in which the silver is found present a beautiful sight as they reflect in myriad coruscations the numerous lights which are constantly kept burning for the illumination of these subterranean caverns. The number of candles which are consumed annually is simply enormous. Some faint idea will be conveyed when we state that 800 are burning at once in this mine, and it is reckoned that one candle will not last more than four hours on an average. This will give a grand total of 4,800 burnt every twenty-four hours. Frequently a series of crystallizations are encountered composed of silver mingled with chlorides and bromides in the quartz, which throw out most brilliant scintillations worthy of fairy palace in some Arabian Wonderland. This effect is said to have been particularly noticeable in the old Crown Point Mine, when it was a bonanza some five years ago. The drifts here seem to have been profusely adorned with crystals, hanging on walls of alabaster, flashing in an electric light. Our progress at times was interrupted by an abrupt termination, requiring a descent to still lower regions infernal, which were reached by rude ladders. Here and there were dummy-engines, hissing and panting. At all points where active operations were pursued we came upon the miners toiling indefatigably. A man raises his pick in a close and confined working; at each blow the brittle ore comes crashing down in response to his vigorous assault, to be afterwards placed in a truck and railroaded to the surface, where willing hands are waiting to seize it. Twenty minutes at a time of this labor is about as much as the picker can endure; he will then give way to another hand and go to a cool spot, where he can lay off a while and recuperate with a drink of ice-water, until he rallies again for another attack on the white gleaming ore. In the drifts all is bustle and confusion. The men are forcing their way through the solid earth—boring, drilling, pounding, tunneling. The hammer, the drill and the pick, clink and clank with a noise like that of Vulcan's workshop. At times a blast takes place, making a detonation like the bursting of a bomb in the Yosemite Valley—deafening yet grand, terror-striking but impressive—an experiment never to be forgotten by those who have witnessed it. Each of our party essayed a little amateur mining, by borrowing a pick from a perspiring workman, and chipping off pieces of ore, to be carried off in triumph and shown as veritable specimens to those at home. In the ore we detected the presence of lead. In 1876 the silver mines yielded 33,630 tons of the baser metal, and last year they supplied as much as 45,311 tons, which makes them competitors somewhat with Missouri and Illinois. After some working, a draught of the cool water in the miner's buckets was very acceptable, and it was as freely taken as it was offered. Our formidable array of sketch and note-books did not seem to strike the gnomes of the mine as anything out of the common, for they had been written about before. They favored us with a stare, as those we first saw had done, very much as they might have noticed the circus on coming into town, and scarcely interrupted their work on our approach. Several times we were compelled to crouch up against the wall, as the sullen rumbling noise of the ore-trucks warned us of their coming. No horses or mules are used here, the men pushing the trucks before them on the smooth rails. As we watched the men with their picks, it was difficult to realize that we were nearly the third of a mile below the surface; and so interesting and novel was all we saw that, being once down, we felt no inclination to ascend until we had thoroughly exhausted all the details of the Silver City, it being highly improbable that we should ever see it again.

A PERILOUS POSITION.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

NOW, look here, Fred; you've exactly an hour and a half to get back in," said Mr. Middleton, after luncheon. "I shall be at the mill by three precisely. Are you sure you can manage it?"

"Oh, quite certain of it, sir," was my confident reply. "Why, I could go to M— and back within the hour, easy riding. I'll not keep you waiting, depend upon it." So saying, I vaulted the low sill of a window which stood wide open, and approached a couple who were strolling upon the lawn in front of Holm Court, the aristocratic-looking dwelling I had quitted.

Of this couple, one was a young lady, very fair, and, in my eyes at least, very beautiful. She was the older child and only daughter of the Mr. Middleton already mentioned; a mill-owner who had realized a gigantic fortune by manufacturing; and in three days she was to be my wife. I for my part was a young man of good family, possessed of an independent fortune, in my twenty-second year, and ardently attached to my intended bride. That this attachment was mutual, I was, moreover, well assured; and on that delicious Summer afternoon life opened before me full of brilliant promise. So happy indeed did I feel, that it was with difficulty I could restrain my jubilation

within bounds, and compel myself to walk along the ground at a reasonable and gentlemanly pace, instead of running or leaping as, in my ecstasy, inclination prompted.

As I neared her, my darling stepped forward to meet me; and after a few words upon another subject, she administered an anxious caution *apropos* of an adventure in which I was about to join, and to which I shall advert immediately. I assured her in return that there was no danger connected with it; and, with an affectionate temporary adieu, we parted. Looking back as I prepared to mount my horse, which, held by a groom, stood ready saddled before the hall-door, I saw my sweet girl rejoined by the companion, who, upon my approach, had sauntered away from her to some short distance. This companion was a Mr. Marmaduke Hesketh, a fine-looking, handsome man, about thirty-five, second-cousin to Mr. Middleton, and lately returned from America. That this gentleman entertained towards my humble self feelings of a very friendly character I was well aware, although he had never addressed to me a single discourteous word; and the cause of his antipathy I had divined. He, too, was in love with Clara Middleton; I was sure of it, although he had never told her so; and although Clara herself, when I mentioned my impression to her, laughed at me for it, and called me a "fanciful goose." Her rallying, however, did not shake my conviction of the truth, and I felt very sorry for the poor man. As his successful rival, I could afford to pity him; and I had too much confidence in Clara's affection to feel an atom of jealousy, even when, as now, I left him alone in her company.

My foot in the stirrup, I was preparing for a spring to the saddle, when my name, called eagerly from behind, arrested the action; and turning, I saw Clara's brother—a nice-looking lad of twelve or so—running breathlessly down the broad steps of the entrance-hall.

"I say, Mr. Carleton," he panted on reaching my side, "mamma wants you, please, to get her a bottle of chloroform from Pennick's, the druggist, when you're passing. And, I say, mind you don't forget my string, will you? It's to be as strong as ever you can get it, you know, for it's such a big kite; and two balls, mind—big ones. You'll be sure and remember?"

"Oh, I'll remember, Charlie, safe enough," I returned smiling. "String and chloroform—two important commissions. I'll not forget. By-bye, my boy." And, giving my horse his head, I trotted down the avenue, passing the lodge gates, and turned in the direction of the busy manufacturing town of M—.

My errand there was to see the clergyman who was to officiate at the marriage, and to arrange with him some slight alteration in the hour previously appointed for the ceremony. On my return from this visit I was, according to agreement, to meet Mr. Middleton and Mr. Hesketh on the site of a large cotton-mill in process of erection by the former. Of this mill one portion was already completed, namely, an enormous chimney—the broadest and tallest by far of any in the county. Mr. Middleton, exceedingly proud of his chimney, and considering it a masterpiece of enterprise, had determined beforehand to ascend to its summit as soon as it should be finished; and in this expedition he had invited Mr. Hesketh and myself to accompany him. The scaffolding used in building it having been removed, the ascent was to be made by means of a bucket or car (similar to those employed in the descent of coal-pits), affixed to two strong chains, passing over pulleys which ran on pins built into the chimney at the top; and this car was to be worked by a windlass.

It wanted exactly five minutes to three when I arrived at the rendezvous—my business at M— transacted, and the chloroform and string I had been commissioned to purchase in my pocket. Giving my horse into the charge of one of Mr. Middleton's employés, of whom there were several about, I walked towards the subterranean entrance to the chimney, near which I perceived Mr. Marmaduke Hesketh standing. He looked rather pale, I thought, as courteously advancing on my approach, he imparted to me the information that Mr. Middleton had just received telegram summoning him to the bedside of his brother, Captain Middleton. That gentleman, it appeared, had been taken suddenly and dangerously ill; and full of anxiety, Mr. and Mrs. Middleton had already started off for F— Junction, in order to catch the first train thence to the town, some twenty miles distant, where the captain was stationed with his regiment. Mr. Middleton, had, however, my informant proceeded, expressed, before leaving, a desire that we would not allow his absence to interfere with our project of ascending the chimney; and he, Mr. Hesketh, concluded by hoping that I would not object to accompany him alone, as he very much wished to see the view from the top, and would not, as I knew—for he was leaving Holm Court the next day—have another opportunity of doing so.

Young and fond of adventure, I had rather enjoyed the prospect of this enterprise, and though disappointed not to carry it out in my intended father-in-law's company, I saw no reason for declining Mr. Hesketh's proposal to go with him alone. Accordingly, signifying my assent to it, we proceeded to enter the chimney together. Some half-dozen men were waiting within, in readiness to turn the crank of the windlass; and a moment later, swaying and vibrating in mid-air, we were slowly ascending through the gradually narrowing aperture of the great chimney. On gaining the top I was the first to step from the bucket: but Mr. Hesketh was speedily by my side. The stone coping being fully two feet in width, and having a narrow parapet a foot in height, presented a perfectly safe footing. I had a strong head, and had not expected to feel dizzy; yet, as I now gazed from that tremendous height, a singular feeling of insecurity seized upon me.

"Will you not walk round?" said my companion when we had stood together for a few seconds on the spot where we had alighted.

"Oh, certainly," I replied, with an assumption of boldness, but an inward shrinking from the ordeal; and, with Mr. Hesketh at my heels, I commenced the circuit.

About half the short distance was accomplished, when a hand laid on my arm arrested my steps.

"We've a fine view from here, haven't we?" observed Mr. Hesketh, as I stopped, a sensation of dread thrilling through my nerves, at his touch. "You see Holm Court there, down to the right, don't you?"

"Of course, quite plainly," I returned, clearing my throat to cover the strange nervous uneasiness I was experiencing.

"So glad I persuaded you to come and see the view," he remarked next, in a very peculiar tone, and at the same time tightening his grasp upon my arm. "But it's an awful height, isn't it? I hope you don't feel giddy?"

"Not at all," I replied, endeavoring to keep my composure as I gazed downwards at the long perpendicular wall of smooth brick, but feeling that I was trembling perceptibly.

"And yet there is but a step between us and death," he pursued with a sneer. "Hello! I'm quoting Scripture, I declare. You wouldn't have expected that of me, would you?"

"Oh, anybody can quote Scripture, you know," I responded, with a ghastly attempt at airiness. "But I say, Hesketh, let go my arm, will you? You're hurting me."

"Hurting you, am I? Ha, ha! I beg your pardon, I'm sure," he laughed, increasing instead of diminishing the vice-like pressure of his fingers. "I wouldn't hurt you for the world—oh, no! But now, if you've quite finished with the scenery, Mr. Frederick Carleton, I'll trouble you to give me your attention for a moment. I'm going to ask you a question, which you may perhaps consider somewhat curiously timed. I am not a vain man, that I know of; but I should like to have your opinion respecting my personal appearance. Should you feel justified now, for instance, in describing me as a well-built, powerful kind of man?"

Considering that he was upwards of six feet in height, broad and stout in proportion, with well-developed sinewy limbs, the description would have been accurate; and I said so.

"If you feel any doubt of it," he resumed, still in the same peculiar tone, "oblige me by examining that muscle." And he stretched out for my inspection an arm that could have felled an ox—firm and strong as a bar of iron.

"I am quite satisfied of your muscular strength and powerful physical development, Mr. Hesketh," I said, with an effort to appear unconcerned and amused, which I was conscious was a dead failure. "And now, with your permission, I think we had better descend."

"Not just at this moment, my precious little bantam cock," was the startling rejoinder. "Sorry to detain you, believe me, but I must trouble you with another question. Supposing, now, that you and I, dear friend, were to have a tussle at the top of this chimney, and that each of us was trying to throw the other over, which, should you think, would have the better chance of accomplishing his purpose?"

Summoning to my aid all the manliness of which I was possessed, I courageously declined to answer this question—asserting that the case was not a supposable one, seeing that I entertained towards him no feelings of enmity, and that I felt perfectly sure he had no desire to injure me.

"Look in my face and see if I haven't!" he rejoined, in loud, fierce accents, very different from those he had hitherto employed. "Look in my face, Mr. Frederick Carleton, and see if I haven't!"

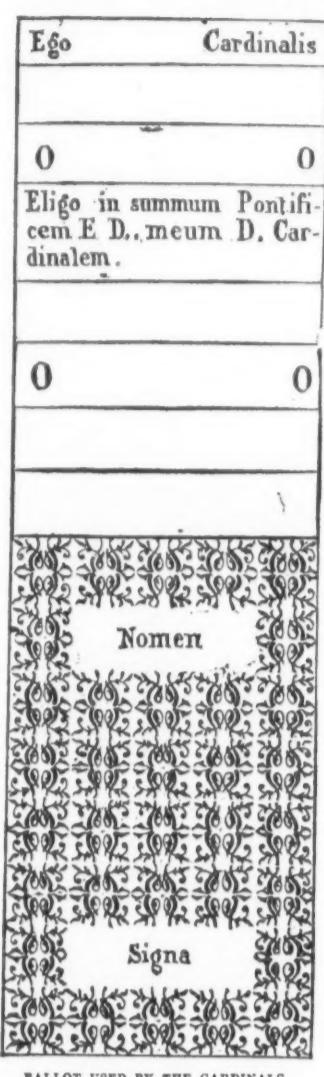
I did look, and my heart died within me—for on the face of the man who still retained my arm in his iron grip on the top of that terrible chimney, I saw an expression of fiendish hate and malignancy, of the like of which I could not have believed a human countenance capable.

As my eyes fell before the awful glare of his, he laughed. "You have read your answer, I see," he said. "And now, listen. Seat yourself upon the parapet exactly where you now stand; observe as closely as you please what I am about to do; but stir one step to hinder it, and as I live, I will hurl you below!"

The threat, I knew, was no vain one; the man who uttered it overtopped me by the head and shoulders, and possessed double my strength. Resistance, therefore, would have been entirely useless; and trembling in every limb, I obeyed the command and seated myself. And this was what I then beheld. Approaching the mass of machinery against which rested the wooden box or car wherein we had ascended, Mr. Hesketh leaned over the edge of the chimney, and deliberately lifted this up from one of the two strong iron hooks upon which it hung suspended. Then slipping the loosened chain over the pulley, he sent it clattering towards the ground below. A horrified shout from the men who stood by the windlass greeted this act, coming up hoarse and discordant from the distance; and bending forwards, I answered that shout with an imploring cry for aid—a wild vain cry! The men, of course, could not help me; and with sickening despair I watched them retreating to the subterranean passage, to save themselves from danger, as, mounted now upon the projecting machinery, Mr. Hesketh loosened the remaining hook of the car and precipitated it into the abyss beneath.

(To be continued.)

ONE of the latest stories about Pius IX. is that one day, while walking for exercise near the Porta Pia, he came upon a pretty English girl who was sketching, attended by a maid. The latter went to the Pope for his blessing, and carried back a message that his Holiness would gladly give his hand to be kissed to her young English mistress. "Indeed," said that lady, with a toss of her head, "I think my hand better worth kissing than his." The Pope, who had approached unseen and overheard this speech, laughed, and said, to her great confusion, "That is perfectly true; but you will allow an old man to bless you, nevertheless."

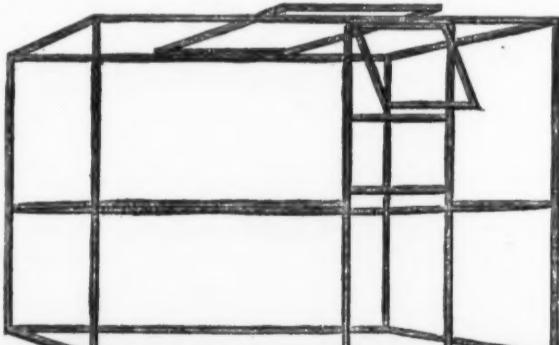


BALLOT USED BY THE CARDINALS.

LEO XIII.

PAPAL SUCCESSOR TO PIUS IX. THE CONCLAVE, ITS SESSIONS, AND METHODS OF ELECTION.

JOACHIM PECCI, Cardinal Archbishop of Perugia, and Chamberlain of the late Pope Pius IX., was elected Sovereign Pontiff on Wednesday morning, February 20th, on the third ballot, the Sacred Conclave having been in session since the Monday evening preceding. The new Pope, who decided to assume the name of Leo XIII., was born on the 2d of March, 1810, at Carpineto, near Anagni, Italy, of an old patrician family. He was in favor with Pope Gregory XVI., in whose household he was for some time as a prelate and private referendary, and who employed him as his delegate, first at Benevento, then at Spoleto and Perugia, where he did good work in ridding some of these districts from the prevailing scourge of brigandage. Pecci was subsequently sent as Nuncio to Brussels, created Archbishop of Perugia, and was one of the candidates for whom the old Pope reserved the honor of the purple, when he died in 1846. Pecci remained, however, a Cardinal *in pecto* in spite of the good offices of the King of the Belgians, who solicited the new Pope, Pius IX., to fulfill the benevolent intentions of his predecessor. Seven years elapsed before Pius IX. came to the resolution to do justice to the candidate of Gregory's choice, and this delay was owing to the ill-will of



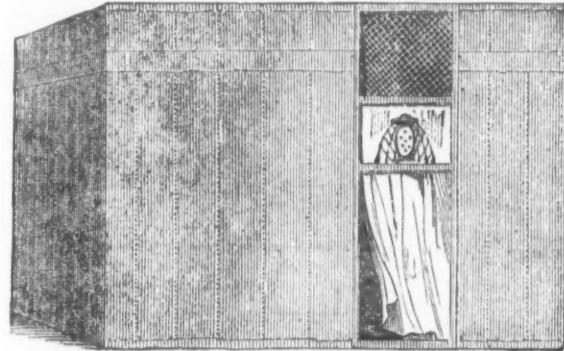
THE FRAMEWORK OF A CARDINAL'S CELL.

Cardinal Antonelli, who dreaded the influence of a able man over the Pope's mind. At last, on the 19th of December, 1853, Pecci received the hat, but for many years he was left in the cold at his See of Perugia, the Cardinal Secretary of State standing in the way of any preferment which might bring a dreaded rival too near the Vatican.

A short time before Antonelli's death the Pope insisted that Cardinal Pecci should be stationed closer to his person, and accordingly the Cardinal was summoned to Rome. He is a man of blameless character, sincerely religious, well-versed in ecclesiastical matters, of moderate conservative opinions, and the possessor of fine executive and business abilities. His forced absence from Rome for so many years counted much in his favor by having removed him from the influences of the Vatican intrigues, which he characterized as unworthy of men, Christians and servants of the Church.

Of high intellect, of a well-tried and energetic nature, Pecci made not only a most excellent Bishop, but realized the type of a perfect Cardinal. As an administrator he managed to clear Benevento of smuggling and brigandage, as

well as of the underhand intrigues of the party of the nobility. As a man of intelligence he did not regard with such a pessimist eye as his colleagues the reciprocal relations of the Church and society. He has evidently found a solution in his own mind for existing and eventual difficulties. His position as Camerlingo (Chamberlain) was certainly not favorable to his chances of election to the Papal throne, but he had occupied it so short a time that he had not had time to create any jealousies or enemies. His Holiness is tall and thin. His features have an aristocratic stamp, and are characterized by great *finesse*. He has a resemblance at



A CELL ERECTED WITH THE CARDINAL'S ARMS SET UP.

once to Voltaire and Richelieu. The voice strikes one disagreeably at first, it is so nasal in its tones, but one soon gets accustomed to this peculiarity, owing to its full resonance. Although simple in manners, *Pecu*, of all the Cardinals, carried himself with most pontifical majesty, resembling in this *Pius IX.*, who in his early days passed for incomparable.

THE SACRED CONCLAVE.

Conclave is derived from *cum*, with; and *clavis*, a key; and is applied either to the assembly of Cardinals engaged in electing a Pope, or to the apartment formerly in the Quirinal, and now in the Vatican, wherein they are locked up during the election. The shutting-up of the Cardinals on such an occasion used often to be an involuntary imprisonment. Thus, after the death of *Innocent III.*, in 1216, the Perugians kept nineteen Cardinals imprisoned until the election of *Honorius III.* was completed. *Gregory IX.* was similarly elected, in 1227, by Cardinals who had been shut up against their will by the senators and people of Rome. In 1270, *Blessed Gregory X.* was elected at Viterbo by fifteen Cardinals, who were not only shut up against their will, but over whose heads the roof of the building in which the Conclave was held was removed by the citizens, in hopes that the inclemency of the weather might hasten their deliberations. Indeed, Ranieri Gatti, Captain of the City, might well have been provoked to hurry them up in this rude fashion; for they could not agree upon a candidate, and the Conclave had lasted three years, when they resorted to the expedient of authorizing six of their number to name the Pope, all promising to recognize the one thus chosen.

Gregory X. promulgated in 1274, in the Council at Lyons, a code of law for conducting the Papal election, comprised of fifteen rules. And these rules, though modified by subsequent Pontiffs in some respects, and supplemented by a vast number of more minute regulations, remain to the present day the foundation and origin of all the law and practice of the Papal elections.

They may be condensed as follows: Cardinals to go into Conclave on the tenth day after the Pope's death, attended by one person only, unless in case of evident need, when two may be permitted. Cardinals to live in Conclave in common, without separation between bed and bed by wall, curtain or veil (modified by subsequent rules to the present practice of a wooden cell for each Cardinal). No access to Conclave to be permitted. An opening to be left for food to be passed in. No vote shall be given save in Conclave. Cardinals who quit the Conclave by reason of sickness cannot vote. Those who arrive after the closing of it may enter and vote. Cardinals who may have been censured or excommunicated cannot be excluded from Conclave. An election can only be made by a two-thirds majority of those present.

Any man, lay or ecclesiastic, not a heretic and not canonically incapacitated, may be elected Pope. No entreaties or promises to be made by one Cardinal to another with a view of influencing the vote. All bargains, agreements, understandings, even though corroborated by an oath, having such an object, to be of no validity; and "let him that breaks such be deemed worthy of praise rather than blame of perjury." The severest penalties have been affixed to any violation of the last of these rules.

Nine whole days are given to devotional exercises for the eternal repose of the deceased Pontiff. On the ninth day his obsequies take place. On the tenth day the Cardinals assemble at the Sistine Chapel, where a Mass in honor of the Holy Ghost is celebrated by the Cardinal-Dean, who then intones the *Veni Creator Spiritus*, and the Sacred College, with their officers and attendants, go in procession to that part of the Vatican set apart for reclusion, immediately adjoining and including the Sistine and Pauline Chapel, with three courts and the surrounding apartments. On their arrival in the Pauline Chapel, the Cardinal-Dean chants before the altar the prayer, *Deus qui corda fidelium*, and the Papal Constitutions on Conclaves are read, all present swearing solemnly to observe them.

Formerly it was the custom to begin from that moment the rigorous reclusion prescribed by the pontifical decrees. In modern times it commences only on the evening of the tenth day. As soon, however, as the signal for the prescribed reclusion is given, all meet in the chapel, Cardinals and Conclavists (all the authorized officers and attendants in the Conclave), the oath of fidelity and secrecy is administered to the Conclavists and guardians, and three Cardinals (chosen, one from each of the three orders of bishops, priests and deacons), accompanied by the high chamberlain (*camerlingo*) and the first master of ceremonies, make a scrupulous examination of every room and corner, from cellar to garret, in order to see that there are no intruders. The only door of communication having been closed, with two strong locks on the outside and two within, the Conclave is formally begun.

The cells in which the electors are locked up are simple in their construction and their furniture. They are draped in purple for the Cardinals created by the last Pope, and in green for all others.

METHOD OF ELECTING A POPE.

The following daily routine is observed so long as the reclusion lasts. At six o'clock in the morn-

ing a master of ceremonies knocks at the door of each cell to warn the inmate to proceed to chapel. At seven, the Mass of the Holy Ghost is celebrated, after which all the Cardinals withdraw. The Cardinals then recite the Penitential Psalms and the Litany of the Saints, and a first vote is cast. Then the Fathers retire to their cells, breakfast, and take a short walk in the open air. At two o'clock, p. m., they meet again in the chapel for the second ballot. After this they dine, walk out if they choose, or retire to their respective cells, where a religious silence is observed after dark.

Gregory XV. decreed that the Cardinals in conclave should vote by secret ballot. Papers of uniform size, texture and color are distributed to the cardinals. These are folded in such a manner that the part on which each elector writes his name cannot be opened, while that on which he writes the name of his candidate can. The ticket is then folded, closed with sealing-wax and stamped with the common seal of the Conclave. The elector then, kneeling, takes the solemn oath prescribed, and deposits his vote in a chalice placed on the altar. The votes of such as are detained by sickness in their cells are taken with every precaution and formality. When all have voted, three cardinals, chosen one from each Order in the Sacred College, take the papers one by one from the chalice, read them aloud and register them, each in succession. As soon as a two-thirds vote is obtained the fact is announced.

The election having been declared valid, the bell summons the two first masters of the ceremonies, the Sacristan and the Secretary of the Sacred College, who enter the chapel together. The last named, with the oldest Cardinal-bishop, the Camerlingo, the first of the Cardinal-priests and the first of the Cardinal-deacons proceed towards the candidate elect, who is seated under his baldachin, as are the other Cardinals under theirs, and put this question to him: "Do you accept the election thus canonically made of you as Sovereign Pontiff?" If the elect replies in the affirmative, all the baldachins, with the exception of his, are immediately lowered. The oldest Cardinal inquires of the new Pope what name he wishes to take. The first master of the ceremonies, in his quality as notary of the Holy See, then proclaims the Pontiff in a loud voice, and draws up the act, which is successively signed by the second master of ceremonies, by the Sacristan and by the Secretary of the Sacred College. The Pope now passes into the sacristy, where he puts on the Pontifical costume. He then returns and seats himself in the papal chair, when all the Cardinals approach and kiss his foot. The Cardinal Camerlingo presents him with the new fisherman's ring.

As soon as the Cardinal-deacons have finished their "adoration," they hasten to announce the election from the top of the lodge, the wall of which has been already hastily demolished. The first deacon, raising the cross which he bears, calls out in Latin, "I announce to you with the greatest joy that we have for Pope the most eminent and reverend Seigneur —, who takes the name of —." The fort of San Angelo salutes the proclamation with a fire of a hundred guns. This portion of the ceremony will probably be suppressed, unless the new Pope should order it otherwise.

The Pauline Chapel is now thrown open, and all those who were admitted to the Conclave besides the Cardinals, such as the conclaveists, the major-domos and the Marshal of the Conclave, hasten to kiss the Pope's feet. The provisional walls are torn down, every place is thrown open and the prelates, the nobility and their dependents hasten to offer their respects to His Holiness. The Pope pays a visit to the oldest Cardinal and to his sick colleagues, then he hastens to communicate the fact of his election to foreign courts according to the usages in such cases.

Eloquence and Poetry.

BOTH Strabo and Lord Bacon regarded eloquence as merely poetry stripped of its metrical form. Probably the main secret of the success of all eloquence, but more especially of pulpit eloquence, is to be traced to the poetical temperament and tone of the orator. There is much more truth than the world will at first be inclined to believe in the old Roman adage, that the poet and the orator are the closest of kin. The most eloquent preachers of all ages have been well versed in secular as well as sacred poetry. St. Chrysostom knew by heart the most finished masterpieces of Greek poetry. Wesley was familiar with almost every passage of Milton and Spencer, and strongly recommended their study to other preachers. The eloquent Archishop Sharpe, the most popular preacher of his day, declared that he owed his archiepiscopal elevation to the study of his Bible and his Shakespeare. Bishop Wilberforce, the Chrysostom of his age, if not of his country, was said to have studied his Shakespeare, and to have drunk deeply from this fountain of inspiration. Wolfe, who, to the disgrace of the patrons of the Irish Church, died a curate, was the author of the immortal elegy on the death of Sir John Moore, as well as the most eloquent and poetical of Irish preachers. The poetical gifts of Dr. Newman and Bishop Alexander, two of the greatest living preachers, are acknowledged to be of a very high order; while Milman, Heber, and Wesley were all Christian poets, as well as Christian preachers.

Diet and Health.

It is a well-established fact that in every effort we make, however slight, whether it be muscular, respiratory, or mental, there is a corresponding loss of tissue. Now this waste, as it passes out of the body by the various excretions, is found to contain certain constituents, as nitrogen, carbon, various salts, etc., which are exactly similar to those which enter into the composition of the blood and tissues of the body; and therefore it follows, that in order to repair the waste which is continually going on, these constituents must enter into the food taken. Some articles of food are rich in nitrogen, as, for example, meat and peas; some are rich in carbon, as, sweet, sugar, etc.; whilst others contain both these elements in various proportions, and are called mixed, of which the best examples are milk, rice, potatoes, and the various meals, as oatmeal, wheat-meal, barley-meal, etc.

Nitrogenous food builds up and repairs tissue, as flesh, muscle, etc.; whilst carbonaceous food, by a process of combustion, serves to assist respiration, and is called the respiratory food. Certain salts are also necessary, to form and sustain the solid framework and nerve tissue, and these are found in common salt and various vegetables. Diet, therefore, to be wholesome and nourishing, must contain these three elements as well as some fat and water. But there are some other points about diet as well as its chemical composition which require some notice. First, it should be regular and not hurried; second, it should be sufficient in quantity; third, it should be adapted to age. Regularity of diet is most important, as nothing contributes so much to produce indigestion as irregular meals, and too much haste in taking them. For an adult, three meals in the day are sufficient, and the hours should be so arranged as to have as far as possible an equal interval between each meal. Children require food more frequently. With regard to quantity, much will depend upon the nature of the work done; the greater the work the greater the waste, and therefore the greater the quantity of food requisite to repair it. The quality of the food must also be good, and be of a mixed character, to fulfill the conditions already mentioned. Children require different diet to adults. In infancy, milk contains all that is necessary for their nurture; as they grow older, other matters have to be added to give it a more mixed character. Finally, a healthy diet should be free from excess generally, and should not consist of one class of food only to the exclusion of others.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Henry M. Stanley Crossing the African Continent.

Among our foreign illustrations in the present issue are several depicting incidents in the long and toilsome travels of Mr. Henry M. Stanley in the heart of Africa, from the Great Lakes to the Luanda or Livingstone and Congo, and down the Congo to the West Coast. When one considers the inclement climate of Central Africa, the fierce nature of the native tribes through whom the hardy Americans passed, and their hostility to strangers, the wonder increases that any members of the expedition survived to tell the story of their adventures. A type of the ferocity of the native Africans is seen in the illustration of the great war canoe. According to Mr. Stanley, "there are enormous trees on the Livingstone River, more especially under the equator, and out of these trees the natives cut, with infinite labor and patience, their war and trade canoes. The war canoes are generally made of the teak wood, and they vary in size from 50 feet long to 90 feet, carved out of a single tree. The beam is in proportion: one of 50 feet long would have from 2 feet 2 inches beam to 3½ feet; that of 90 feet would be between 4 feet and 5 feet. As may be imagined, one of the latter size would carry a very large force of warriors." One of the white companions of Stanley, Edward Pocock, an Englishman, succumbed to the fatigues of the journey and the inhospitality of the climate, and was buried in Turu, at a critical juncture, when the expedition was in the midst of hostile and turbulent negroes. His place of burial, at the foot of an acacia, was about twenty-five miles north from the extreme southern source of the Nile, and just four hundred miles distant from the east coast of Africa. In Bumbire, an island in Lake Victoria, the Stanley exploration seemed, for a while, likely to be suddenly terminated. The exhausted travelers put in to the shore in quest of food, and were immediately surrounded by a turbulent crowd of negroes, who laid hold of the boat, with Stanley and party still in it, and drew her up by main force over the hard, rocky shore, until she was high and dry on the land. "Then," says Stanley, "began a scene almost indescribable. Twelve captives, including myself, were in their power to wreak their worst passions upon, and how we escaped death, when every bow was drawn to its utmost, and every spear quivered in the hand, as though in the act to launch, and clubs were whirled menacingly round their heads, is more than I can say. We were in it fairly, and our lives were not worth a moment's purchase." The enemy continued to increase in numbers as well as in ferocity, and nearly the entire day had passed when it became evident to Stanley that it was their intention to murder his whole party, and that only an immediate bold stroke could save them. By a slight ruse the enemy's attention was distracted, and with a sudden concerted movement the canoe was pushed quickly into the water. The enraged negroes pursued in canoes, but the revolvers and rifles of the whites quickly drove them back with great loss, leaving the explorers to continue on their way in an exhausted condition. Another picture represents a great naval battle between the Waganda and the Wavuma tribes of Central Africa. It shows, to resume Mr. Stanley's own language, "the Wavuma dashing upon the Waganda fleet (nearly 800 canoes are engaged in action) with a hate approaching the sublime. The island is situated midway in the channel separating Uvuma from Uganda. Of course a great many unfortunate were lost in this war, as in other wars. I finally stopped it, that I might prosecute my researches on Lake Albert by a strategem which brought peace to Uvuma, honor and glory to the Waganda, and aid to myself." Another one of our series of pictures illustrates the manner of Stanley's reception in Uganda by the body-guard of the Emperor Mtesa, his Prime Minister and chiefs, which was the beginning of an introduction to a despotic monarch who distinguished himself by an unusual number of capital punishments. The Emperor has arrived at the lake with unusual state. About 300 of his body-guards are drawn in three rows, flanking a road leading to the Prime Minister, in whose rear are the great chiefs and warriors of state. On either side near the lake, crowding in great numbers, are the robed warriors waiting to see the owner of the exploring boat *Lady Alice* and his crew. A portion of the camp inhabited by the camp followers may be seen, as well as the mount at whose northern base one of the feeders of the Mwerango River rises. At the head of Murchison Bay is a small fleet of canoes, about eighty in number, drawn up in charge of the Grand Admiral. After leaving the friendly Mtesa, Stanley made a rapid dash across Southern Uvuro, a territory unknown theretofore to Europeans. The King of Uvuro, Kabba Rega, was opposed to the expedition entering his territory, but Stanley had determined to traverse the country, and he carried his determination into effect.

The Marriage of the King of Spain.

In our issue of February 9th we gave a detailed description of the wedding, on January 23d, of King Alfonso XII. of Spain to the Infanta Mercedes, with portraits of the happy royal pair. The Church of the Atocha, the special church for state ceremonies, was lined from end to end with red silk and gold embroidery. Platforms were erected for the convenience of the ambassadors, grandees, and other persons invited. At a quarter past eleven the church was full. Presently the beating of drums was heard, mingled with the hum of the crowd outside, and the procession entered. At once the musicians struck up the Royal March, and King Alfonso XII. came in, in a captain-general's splendid uniform, with a light, agile step, and a smile or shake of the hand for those around him. Soon after the organ sounded, and the Queen's procession appeared. The

Princess Mercedes was rather pale, her fine dark eyes moistened by emotion. She was dressed in white satin, with a richly embroidered mantle, and she wore on her brow a coronet of diamonds. Next, the Patriarch of the Indies, the Cardinal Archibishop of Benavides, crozier in hand, mitre on head, stood at the foot of the altar, surrounded by his clergy. The King was placed at his side, and the ceremony began. Meanwhile every conga of vantage in Madrid was crowded with spectators, a parti-colored mass, black, red, yellow, white and blue. Bells were pealing, cannon thundering, bands playing. Then began the procession to the palace. The cavalry escort, preceded by drummers on horseback, was followed by twenty-two magnificent horses without riders, gayly caparisoned in Moorish trappings. Then more cavalry, and then a chain of grandees' carriages, gorgeous in blazonry of gold and silver, and gay colors. Then an empty coach (termed the "Coche de Respeto"), of great splendor, drawn by eight magnificent horses, and surrounded by twenty grooms, and then — the royal carriage, drawn by eight white horses, and containing the royal bride and bridegroom. The good folks at the windows and balconies still retained their Spanish gravity, but the crowd in the street could not resist the sight of so much youth and grace.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—A BILL to abolish actions for breach of promise of marriage has been introduced into the English House of Commons.

—THE Russian Minister of Traffic has directed the railroad companies to employ Turkish prisoners in clearing snow from the tracks.

—THE Oregon Statesman mentions the appearance in Salem of samples of codfish caught on the coast of Alaska, and says they are of fine quality.

—THE Dardanelles is about forty miles in length, and is from three fourths of a mile to two miles wide. Xerxes crossed the channel on a double bridge of boats B.C. 480, and Alexander crossed it B.C. 334.

—KING'S COLLEGE, London, is going to commence classes for the higher education of women. A public meeting in furtherance of the scheme was held recently, when the Duke of Argyll took the chair.

—THE Illinois Department of Agriculture estimates the total yield of corn in the State in 1877 at 269,889,742 bushels, and the value \$77,562,879. In 1876 the yield was 208,112,910, and the value was \$62,992,541.

—THE President and Clerk of the South Carolina Senate have adopted robes of office, at the Senate's request, furnishing the only instance in the country at the present time of the assumption of these insignia by legislative officers.

—THERE is a family in Madison County, Florida, of remarkable stature. The *Recorder* reports their heights as follows: The father is seven feet four; the mother is six feet eight; two sons seven feet three, and one daughter is seven feet nine.

—WHAT is called the "Enchanted Mountain," in Texas, is an immense oval rock, three hundred feet high, about eighty miles from Bastrop. Its surface is highly polished, and those who ascend it have to wear moccasins or go in their stocking feet.

—A GOOD story is told of the present Roman Catholic Bishop of Cork, who, when distributing premiums at one of the public institutions in the city, said to a blind boy: "My poor boy, as you cannot read, I will not give you a book, but here is a picture for you."

—THE Japanese railroads earn great deal, but their expenses seem strangely high, considering the cheapness of labor and the facility of reaching ports. The line from Yokohama to Tokio, eighteen miles, earned in 1875 about \$24,000 a mile, and spent \$19,800. That between Koto to Osaka earned \$12,600, and spent \$12,500.

—FROM September, 1876, to September, 1877, seems to have been the darkest period of railroad history in this country. The *Railroad Gazette* says that, taking sixty-four roads, covering 11,391 miles, the results show that with an increase of one-third per cent, in mileage the profits fell off four per cent, though the expenses had been reduced more in proportion than the earnings.

—THE other day two young ladies on the Nebraska frontier jokingly offered to trade themselves off to a couple of Indians for fifteen ponies each, and the Indians very willingly took the offer. Finding that the joke was taken earnestly by their Indian friends, the girls became somewhat alarmed. The red men were told that it was a joke, but they would have taken the girls by force had not they been intimidated.

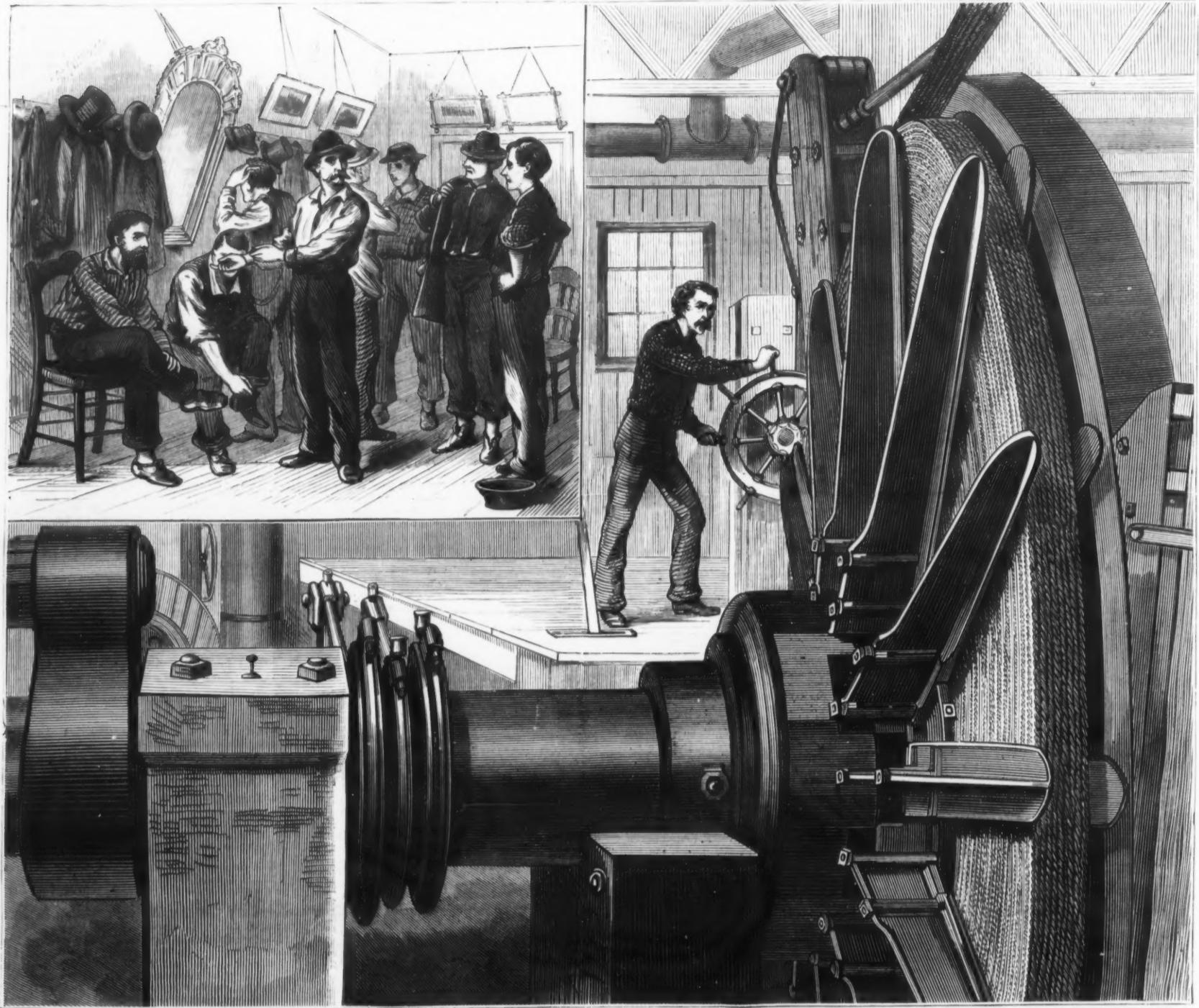
—POISONING foxes has lately prevailed to a large extent in the south of Ireland. It is, in a great measure, attributed to the niggardliness of some of the hunt clubs, who will not pay the people (a great many of whom gain their living by selling eggs) for their poultry, which are often killed in large numbers by the wily fox. The poor people, therefore, consider they should not be blamed for lessening the sport by ridding themselves of foxes.

—ENGLAND is the only country in the world where there is no rank of precedence attached to the office of First Minister to the Crown. This was fully exemplified in the case of the late Sir Robert Peel, who, when at Windsor, used invariably to be amongst the last to enter the dining room, having for his companion a fair maid of honor. This may possibly not have been disagreeable to the Premier, but it scarcely gave due prominence to his position.

—A ST. PETERSBURG grandee, being very hard up recently, pledged his wife's jewels. She had to go to an official party, and the husband obtained from the pawnbroker a loan of the jewels, upon giving his word of honor that they should be returned the next day. Having got them in his possession, he at once pledged them a second time. Every one knew what had occurred, but no one seemed to think the worse of the grandee for this sharp practice.

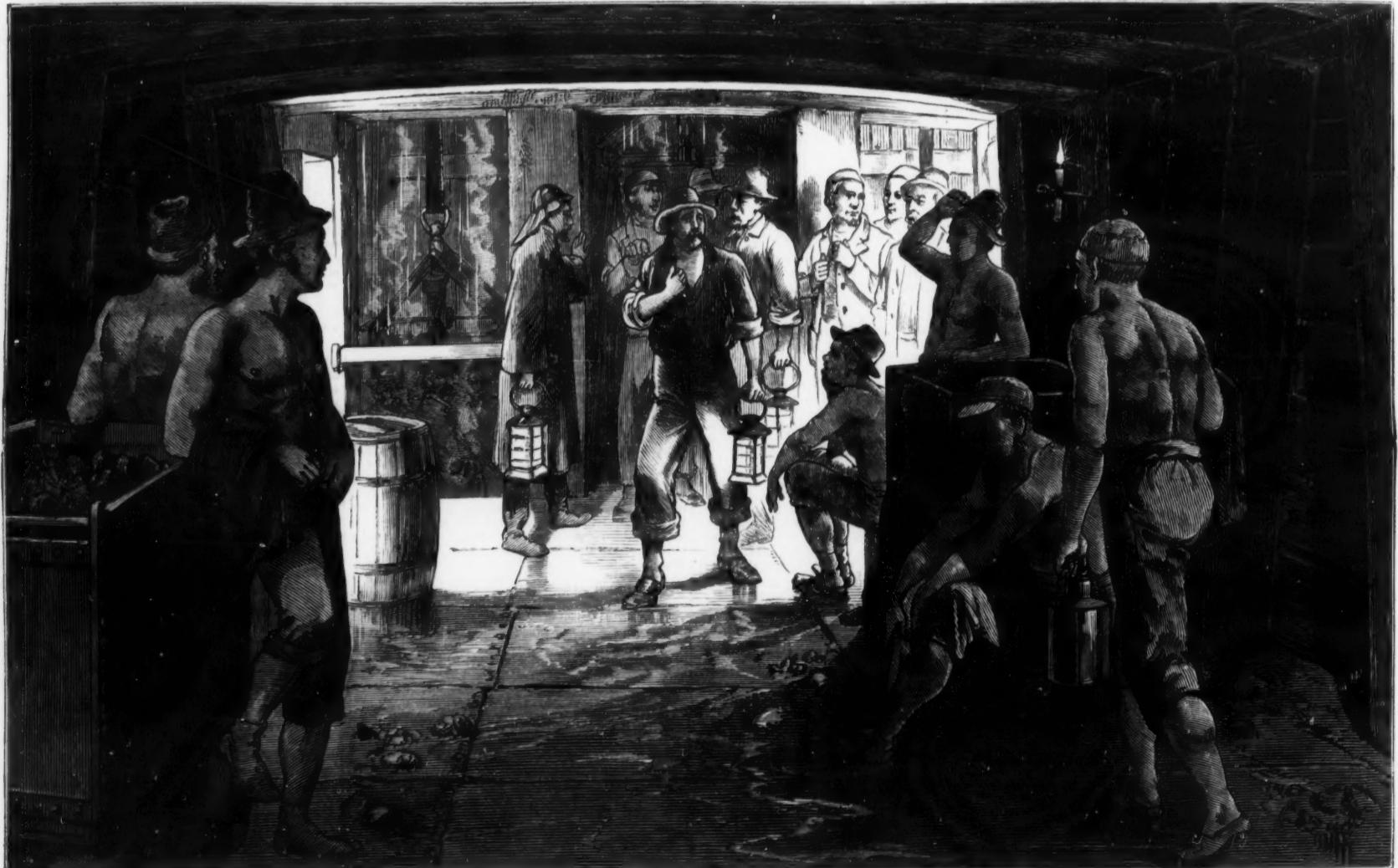
—THE invasion of Thessaly makes the Greek army a topic of current interest. According to the annual budget, \$5,000,000 were lately voted by the Greek Chamber for this army, which consists of 28,000 men, of whom an unusually large proportion are infantry and gendarmes. The artillery are only a little over a couple of thousand strong, the engineer corps of sappers and miners about eleven hundred, and the cavalry fewer than a thousand. A good deal of the fighting in Thessaly is done, however, by irregular troops and volunteers.

—AT THE Grand Hotel, in Paris, the cards, stating the price of each room, which used to figure on the walls for the guidance of the inmates of the rooms, have disappeared, and the daily charge has been augmented. A correspondent writes to say that he asked for an explanation of this, and that he was told that it was because "1878 is the Exhibition year." This scarcely seems a ground for abstaining from exhibiting prices. Nor, even admitting that during the Exhibition travelers are to be fleeced, ought the process of fleecing to commence before the Exhibition is opened.



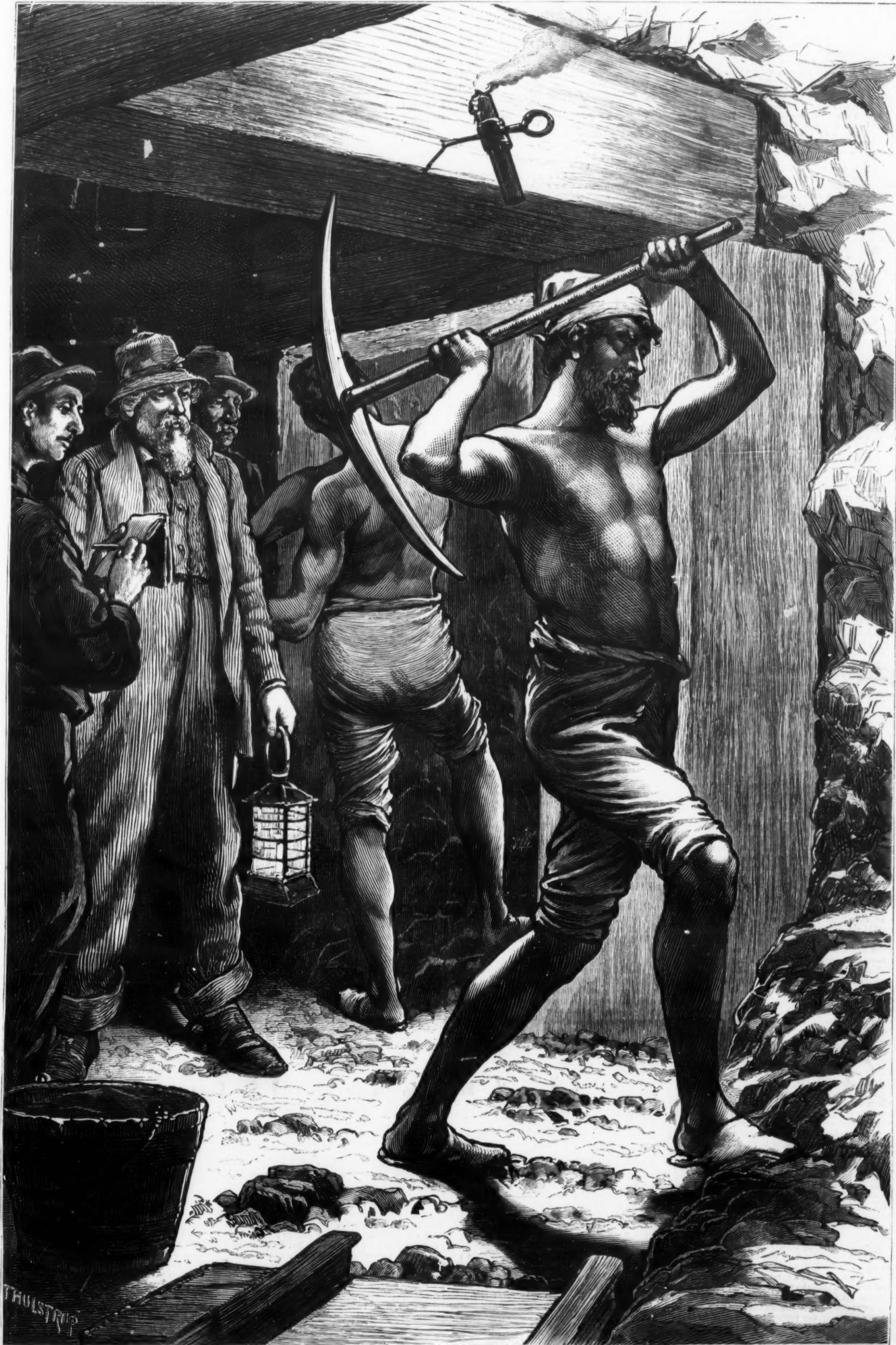
PREPARING TO DESCEND THE SHAFT.

THE "MAN AT THE WHEEL," OPERATING THE PASSENGER-ELEVATOR IN THE SHAFT.



THE LANDING IN THE SHAFT 1,550 FEET BENEATH THE LEVEL OF VIRGINIA CITY.

ACROSS THE CONTINENT.—THE FRANK LESLIE TRANSCONTINENTAL EXCURSION—SCENES AND INCIDENTS OF UNDERGROUND LIFE IN THE CONSOLIDATED VIRGINIA SILVER MINE, IN VIRGINIA CITY, NEVADA.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS.—SEE PAGE 5.



ACROSS THE CONTINENT.—THE FRANK LESLIE TRANSCONTINENTAL EXCURSION—THE PARTY WITNESSING SILVER-MINERS "PICKING" ORE IN THE CONSOLIDATED VIRGINIA SILVER MINE, AT VIRGINIA CITY, NEVADA.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS.—SEE PAGE 5.

LOOKING BACK.

I MAY live long, but some old days
Of dear, deep joy akin to pain—
Some suns that set on woodland ways
Will never rise for me again:

By shining sea, and glad, green shore,
That frolic waves ran home to kiss,
Some words I heard that never more,
Will thrill me with their mystic bliss.

O love! still throbs your living heart—
You have not crossed death's sullen tide.
A deeper deep holds us apart:
We were more near if you had died—
If you had died in those old days
When light was on the shining sea,
And all the fragrant woodland ways
Were paths of hope for you and me.

Dead leaves are in those woodland ways—
Cold are the lips that used to kiss:
'Twere idle to recall those days,
Or sigh for all that vanished bliss!
Do you still wear your old time grace
And charm new loves with ancient wiles?
Could I but watch your faithless face,
I'd know the meaning of your smiles.

L. C. Moulton.

THE SHADOW ON THE WALL.

By E. J. CURTIS,

AUTHOR OF "A SONG IN THE TWILIGHT," AND
"KATELEEN'S RAVENGE."

PART SECOND.

CHAPTER I.

THORNDALE LODGE, generally called The Lodge, situated within walking distance of the pretty old cathedral town of W—, had been for years in the possession of maiden ladies. I do not mean that maiden ladies had always lived at The Lodge, but they had been the owners thereof, had received rent for it, and had bequeathed it to other lady relatives, who either were "old maids," or who became so in due course; and who continued to let the house and grounds to desirable tenants, and lived themselves elsewhere.

But upon one occasion, some years before this part of my story opens, one of these desirable tenants having departed, The Lodge was not, as usual, advertised "To Let," and rumor said—and oddly enough said truly—that the maiden lady to whom it at present belonged was about to live in it herself.

The people in W— who called upon strangers, and who gave parties, and gossiped about their neighbors, began to wonder what Miss Russel was like, and to hope that she would prove an acquisition.

"She can't be *very* young, you know, my dear, when she can live by herself." The owner of Thorndale Lodge had always, I may here remark, been looked upon as a *myth*, a person who had a name, but not a personality.

Miss Russel was not, strictly speaking, young. You, my readers, have met her before, when she was young, and when her home was with her maiden aunt, Miss Heathcote, in C—. To that aunt she owed the possession of Thorndale.

The twenty years which have elapsed since we met her last have dealt kindly with Miss Russel. She had not grown stouter or slighter. Her hair was rich and abundant, but her complexion was not so clear or so brilliant as of old. Her dress was always handsome, but dark in color, and although she had not the scanty pinched appearance which so often stamps the old maid, neither did she attempt the fashionable shapes and trimmings suitable only to youth. In short, she had grown old gracefully. How few women could say so much!

She had such a bright, happy expression, too, that one would instinctively turn to her for sympathy in trouble, and the trust would not be misplaced, for Eleanor Russel was essentially a comforter. She had had no crushing sorrow to bear, yet perhaps if all the secret places of her memory were opened, it would be found that her life had not been utterly without trial and disappointment. But she had not only outlived but had overlived all such crosses, and had neither grown morbid nor cynical.

And is not a woman so situated, especially when her means are sufficient to make her quite independent, far happier what may be called "alone in the world," than if she had married, perhaps without much affection for her husband, but only from a weak dread of being called an "old maid." Miss Russel had laid aside the trammels of girlhood. She could do what pleased her unquestioned; she was sufficiently attractive from her charm of manner and her agreeable conversation to be sought out as a companion by men, and she was, fortunately for herself, too old to be accused of "setting her cap" at the best catch among them.

Is not such a life far more enviable for a woman than are the lives of some of those "matrons" whom we see around us in hundreds? Girls who have married for "love" on small means, and whose lives are a daily struggle, and whose affection for their husbands, although it may not fly out of the window according to the old adage, loses all its delicate refinement, its poetry and romance. It was very nice to be petted, and made much of by Jack, or Tom, or Harry in the the courting days, but after the second cradle and the first perambulator have been bought, poor Mrs. J., or T., or H. is too much taken up with that absorbing question, "What is to be done with the cold mutton?" to have either time or inclination for mooning.

Miss Russel made some kind friends and pleasant acquaintances before she had been very long living at The Lodge. W— was decidedly a social place. It was a garrison as well as a cathedral town, so that the "prunes and prisms" of the clerical set were diluted and counterbalanced by the *verve* and dash of the military set; and as the former was not too proper to allow itself to be acted upon by the latter, the result was upon the whole satisfactory.

The resident gentry were the people who really did entertain. In summer they got up picnics, and had croquet and archery parties, ending with

a dance; and in winter, charades and charming balls, at which the Misses Bishop, and the daughters of the Very Rev. the Dean, and the Precentor's sisters, and the Chancellor's nieces all danced away with the gallant "sons of Mars," just as if they had not been brought up under the shadow of the cathedral lines.

At all these festivities, lay and clerical, Miss Russel was soon a welcome guest. I have before said that she was not too old to be attractive. Young ladies liked her because she was neither bitter nor ill-natured, and because at her own very pleasant sociable little parties they were quite certain to meet the very person of all others whom they wished to meet. Young men liked her because she was, as they of course expressed it "such a regular brick!" "always up to bit of fun, by Jove, and no nonsense about her." She would play for dancing for the whole length of an evening, and there was no one who knew so well how to dress and arrange people for a charade. She could take a hand at whist, too, if one was wanted to make up "a rubber," and if any lady had a grievance, from neuralgia in her eyebrow to a hopeless love affair, Miss Russel was invariably appealed to for sympathy or for cure.

It was August 18th. The summer had been rather a quiet season at W—. The Bishop had been obliged to attend the session of Parliament, and Mrs. Bishop had taken advantage of the opportunity to have her elder daughters presented at St. James's, and to get masters for the younger members of the episcopal nursery. The Misses Bishop had had their pretty heads somewhat turned although they partook of the gaieties of "the season" in a very mild form, as became the daughters of a church dignitary, and they began rather to look down on W— society, and showed unmistakably that they were inclined to "turn up their noses" at it, in their letters to the young ladies at the Deanery, a proceeding which made the said young ladies very wrathful, and caused their mother, Mrs. Dean, rather inconsequently to exclaim "that she thought Mrs. Bishop had more sense."

Then, by some untoward circumstances, W— had been left without the headquarters of a regiment during the Spring and Summer months, and as the band was a decided acquisition, to say nothing of the tameness of the croquet parties in consequence of a "limited liability" in officers, the inhabitants of W— felt themselves aggrieved, and letters headed "Our unprotected state" appeared in the local newspapers, and were as absurd as such letters usually are. But Lord Wimborne, of Wimborne Priory, who was a D.L., and nearly related to the Secretary of War, applied to have the evil remedied, and he apparently succeeded, for it was announced that the —th were under orders to proceed to W— forthwith.

So in due time the —th arrived, and were duly called upon, and their band began to play twice a week in public, and in London the Ministry ate their whitebait, and the "season" being over, the Bishop, family, and suite returned to The Palace, and the old town felt like itself once more. Miss Russel was sitting one afternoon in her pretty drawing-room, reading, when a light step sounded upon the gravel without, and a young girl came in through the open window. She was a pretty, bright-looking little creature, dressed in a fresh, crisp white muslin, with a little black silk scarf about her shoulders and a sailor-hat trimmed with blue upon her head. She danced up to Miss Russel's side, and throwing her arms about her neck, she kissed her a dozen times.

"You didn't know I had come back," she said, "I knew I should surprise you."

"I thought you were not coming for another week. Ah, Rachel, dear, you should have staid not a week only, but until Christmas."

"Now, Granny!"—Granny was Rachel Scott's pet name for Miss Russel—"please don't begin to scold me when I'm so happy; and besides, indeed, I have had school enough; all the schools in the world could not make me a bit cleverer! I never could be anything but a dunce, except about music, and that was dreadfully expensive." And Rachel gave a little sigh. "So here I am now, and I can see my darling old granny every day, and I intend to be very good."

"Only that I shall not like your friend, if he pays you absurd compliments."

"Was it absurd?" said Rachel, who had evidently looked upon the pretty speech in quite a different light. "I think he really meant it. And then we got into the same carriage, and he asked me all about W—, and where I lived, and if it was a pleasant place; and I told him all about you, and about the cathedral, and about the parties at the Palace, and it was then I saw his eyes and his teeth. I never saw such lovely teeth!"

"What a little chatterbox he must have thought you, and he probably will not know you when he sees you again."

"Not know me! Oh, granny!" cried the girl, to whom the idea of being forgotten by her hero was positive pain. "Why shouldn't he know me?"

"Because, dear, men think they are privileged to talk nonsense to every pretty woman they meet, and as I do not want my little pet to have her head turned, I tell her not to believe all the things they will say to her. This young man appears to have behaved like a gentleman; still you must not show any wish to follow up the acquaintance so strangely begun; do not let him imagine that he can talk to you when and where he likes."

Poor innocent little Rachel! She felt suddenly quenched, and vaguely uneasy that she had done something wrong.

Miss Russel having doubtless the wisdom of experience, and being able to read Rachel's thoughts by its light, hastened to reassure the girl.

"Do not look as if I had said something cross, dear," she said, in her most winning voice; "I meant only to give you a little hint. Remember, I have seen more of the world than you have. And now, will you not tell me the name of your hero? I have only heard of him as 'he' and 'him'."

"His name," cried Rachel, visibly brightening, "is Vaughan, and I think his Christian name is Henry, but I am not quite sure. He looks very like a Harry."

"Vaughan!—Henry Vaughan!—can it be possible?" Miss Russel spoke aloud, but more to herself than to Rachel. "Yes, he could have a son old enough. How very strange! What am I talking about? I knew a Mr. Vaughan very well long ago, when I was a girl, and it seemed to me that this gentleman whom you met might be his son."

"And shall I be asked," interrupted Rachel, breathlessly, "to the Palace—and to meet the officers?—oh!"

"You will not be asked anywhere, if you are such a little goose," said Miss Russel, trying hard to look severe. "The officers will not care to look at a little school-girl like you."

"Will they not, indeed?" returned Rachel, with a saucy smile, which made her look bewitchingly pretty. "I know one of them already, and he cared to talk to me, and oh, granny, he is such a darling!"

"Tell me all about him, pet," said Miss Russel, seeing at once the wisdom of encouraging the child's innocent confidence.

Rachel drew a footstool beside her friend's chair, and looking up with her radiant violet eyes sparkling, she began: "Well, granny, you know I came home yesterday, and of course I had to travel all the way by myself, and I was determined to be very good, and not to speak to any one, and to get into a carriage in which there were only nice old ladies. Well, I had two with me until we came to the junction, where the train stopped for an hour, and there my two old women went away to some other place. I was very hungry, so I went into the refreshment room, and had a cup of tea, and then I sat there quietly, with my head down, waiting until the train was ready to start, and oh! it was such fun watching the people. While I was there I heard another train coming in, and presently the refreshment room got very full, and I began to feel just a little wee bit lonely among such a crowd of strangers, when a gentleman came in, and he looked so very nice, and so very different from every one else, that I could not help watching him, granny. But he didn't see me, I'm quite sure of that. Well, he went over to the table, and got a cup of coffee, and I thought he looked like a nice fellow in a book, so tall, and so well dressed, such nice gloves and white wrists below his coat-sleeves, and his hair, as much as I could see of it, was bright and curly; but I don't think he was exactly handsome, except for his mouth and teeth, and his eyes; but I saw all that afterwards!" Rachel interrupted herself to remark—"So, granny, he drank his coffee, and I think he must often have been at the station before, for he called the girl behind the counter 'Mary,' as if he knew her, and when he was going to pay he pulled out a great roll of bank-notes, and he took out one, which he gave to the girl, and then he got his change, and went away, and I was just getting up to go too, when I saw the roll of money on the ground, and I ran and picked it up before any one saw it. He thought he had put it into his pocket—such a large roll! I scarcely knew what to do. I did not like to give it to a porter to give him, so I thought I might just as well go and give it to him myself. So when I came out on the platform, I saw him lighting a cigar, and I went up to him and gave him the money. I don't know one bit what I said, but I know I felt getting very red, and I think I must have run away, if he had not looked so kind. He thanked me over and over again, and he spoke to me as if I were quite grown up—so I can't look so very young," concluded Rachel, with a deep sigh of relief.

"And what happened next?" said Miss Russel, although she knew well enough what the sequel was, and read the hope which had prompted Rachel to put on the white dress and the French gray gloves.

"What happened next?" continued Rachel, "was that he asked me where I was going, and when I said to W—, he said he was going there too, to join his regiment"—Rachel made this announcement with evident pride—"and that we might as well go together, if I would allow him to have the honor—he said honor, granny—of taking care of me, as I had taken care of his money; and he said, too, that he would not mind losing money every day, if it always came back to him in the same way, and—What are you going to say?"

"Only that I shall not like your friend, if he pays you absurd compliments."

"Was it absurd?" said Rachel, who had evidently looked upon the pretty speech in quite a different light. "I think he really meant it. And then we got into the same carriage, and he asked me all about W—, and where I lived, and if it was a pleasant place; and I told him all about you, and about the cathedral, and about the parties at the Palace, and it was then I saw his eyes and his teeth. I never saw such lovely teeth!"

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"Oh, I hope he is!" cried Rachel, clapping her hands; "that would be so nice!"

"Well, dear, I do not see what good it would do to any one," replied Miss Russel, with a touch of the brusqueness which had been characteristic of her manner when she was a girl. "And now," looking at her watch, "it is just three o'clock; I want to see your aunt Conway, so I shall escort you home."

"I do not feel smart enough to walk with such a gay little lady as you are," Miss Russel remarked, as she and Rachel came out of The Lodge gate, and turned towards the town.

Miss Russel's pet dog, a fine little Skye, accompanied them. He trotted on before, intent upon his own pleasure, and just after he had disappeared round a corner there was heard a bark of defiance, then a noise of scuffling, and some yelps of pain. Miss Russel and Rachel hurried on, and found two dogs rolling over each other, and a tall young man making fruitless efforts to catch one of the combatants by the tail. It was all over in a minute. The Skye retired growling to the side of his mistress. The gentleman was taking off his hat and apologizing, and Miss Russel was conscious only of seeing Rachel blushing furiously, while she stammered out what she intended to be an introduction to Mr. Vaughan.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," he said; "for the moment I was stupid enough not to know you. Traveling dress and all that makes such a difference; although I ought not to be excused."

His wonderfully eloquent eyes said far more to Rachel, and she held out her little hand—how pleased she was then at having put on her pretty gloves—frankly enough to meet his; but she felt very shy, and again felt very much inclined to run away. She had to perform the introduction to Miss Russel all over again—for of course Mr. Vaughan had not heard one word of it—and then a few words were sufficient to let him know that she had heard of the little adventure which had led to the acquaintance between Rachel and himself, and the young fellow had such a frank, winning way with him, that Miss Russel, after five minutes' conversation, felt inclined to echo all Rachel's praises.

And then having ascertained that Miss Russel lived at that "pretty place" among the trees, and with an openly expressed regret that the pugnacious aspect of the dogs would not allow him to accompany the ladies, he went his way, and they went theirs.

As he walked there was a wall upon his left hand—a rather tumble-down, ivy-covered wall; and as he went along he amused himself—but I do not think he was aware he was amusing himself—by running a slender little stick he carried into every hole between the stones into which it would go; when it presently snapped off short in one of them, he said, very *appropriately*, "What a pretty, shy little thing she is! Miss Russel is the aunt she told me she lived with, I suppose. She doesn't look like a woman who'd bother a fellow, or be in the way. A very nice-looking woman, I think. By Jove I've hit it! I'll call to ask for the dog."

CHAPTER II.

A man he seems of cheerful yesterdays
And confident to-morrows. WORDSWORTH.

MISS RUSSEL was again sitting alone the following afternoon, when Mr. Vaughan was announced. The Skye, mindful doubtless of the battle of the day before, and recognizing the master of his foe, barked furiously, but very soon became friendly under the influence of Vaughan's "Come old fellow," "Poor old fellow." The young man, you see, thought the dog was Miss Scott's, and he hoped that the pretty figure in the white dress would come in while he was petting her pet.

Miss Russel, whose heart, the moment she saw him first, had warmed to one whom she believed to be the son of her old friend, welcomed Vaughan most cordially, and while they talked of the weather, and agreed that the summer had been rather cold, and that the fine autumn would make the winter appear short, she was trying to trace all the points of resemblance between father and son, and he was trying to keep his eyes off the door as he sat leaning forward in his chair pulling the ears of the Skye.

He looked handsome at the moment, although, strictly speaking, he was not a very handsome man. He was about five feet eleven in height, with a broad chest and muscular limbs, but I think it was more the sweetness of his smile and his thoroughbred and manly air which made people admire him. He was a little bit of a dandy, too, in his dress, and he wore his fair hair in the style I have heard called "simple division," that is parted straight down the centre of his head, and it was rather given to fall over his low, broad forehead.

Miss Russel felt, and acknowledged to herself, all the charm of his manner, and she was quite ready to declare her belief that he was a very good young fellow. But she was no more right than any of us when we come to such sudden and rash conclusions. Harry Vaughan was not in the least out of the common, although he was the son of Miss Russel's old friend, and although he had bright laughing eyes, and a smile which made him dangerous to look at. He was very warm-hearted, but somewhat fickle; he would be wild upon one subject to-day, and wild upon a totally different subject to-morrow. He was always falling in and out of love, and thinking he was broken-hearted; but his bitterest enemy—if he had an enemy—could not say that he had ever been guilty of a dishonorable action.

He spent money with a lavish hand, and it was pretty well known in his regiment that he had "bled" his father, as the saying is, rather freely while at Oxford, and that the only books he had cared to study when there were those which had taught Tommy Moore so much folly!

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"Yes," replied Harry. "'The Oaks' is the name of my father's place. Do you know him?"

"I knew him years ago, in C——."

"Oh, then, it must have been before he married, for we have lived at 'The Oaks' as long as I can remember."

"And your father is quite well? And your mother?"

A shade passed for a moment over the young man's bright face.

"Ah! you did not hear it, of course," he said.

"My poor mother died just this time four years."

"So long ago? I never heard it. I beg your pardon, but somehow it never occurred to me that she could be dead."

"She died at Madeira. She went there to please my father, but she always said there was no hope. He is only just beginning to get over her loss now. I never saw so attached a couple."

"And your sisters; how many have you?"

"Three; two married, and the youngest, Eleanor, my father's favorite, is engaged; but she does not like to leave him, I think."

"Have you a sister called Eleanor? It was not your mother's name."

"No, my eldest sister is called Caroline, after her mother; but isn't Eleanor a pretty name? I think my father had a favorite sister or cousin called Eleanor. Our Nell was called after some one, I know. I have photographs of my father and mother here," he added, unfastening a locket from his guard chain, "if you would care to see them."

"Oh, thank you, I should, very much."

He touched the spring as he gave her the locket, and she saw her old friend looking just the same as when she had last seen him. The picture of Mrs. Vaughan was beautifully colored, and Miss Russel saw at once from whom the son had inherited his beautiful mouth and teeth.

"I never saw your mother but twice, when you were quite a child. You are like her, but you have a way of saying little things so like your father. Will you tell him, please, that you have met me—I dare say he remembers me—and that I was glad to hear he was well."

And then Harry felt that it was time for him to go, and he was just taking up his hat when a figure came bounding through the window, and Rachel Scott, dressed in a print dress, and with her bright hair carelessly arranged, threw herself, panting and breathless, upon the ground beside Miss Russel's chair. Her back was towards Vaughan, but he could see plainly enough a long rent in the cotton gown.

"Oh, granny!" she cried, "I came through the fields as you told me, and I'm all torn! Look here, won't Aunt Conway scold?"

She turned to find the damages, and of course found Vaughan instead. Her blush was most becoming, but Harry saw that it was caused by surprise and pleasure at meeting him. There was not a particle of chagrin at being seen by him in a torn cotton gown and untidy hair. Indeed she did not appear nearly so shy as she had been the day before.

"I am surprised you know me to-day, either," she said, giving him her hand, covered with a gardening glove of rough leather. "Miss Russel told me when I came to see her, now that I have grown up, that I must find a way across the fields, and so I did to-day—and look at my poor dress! and the dog flew at me, and I was frightened. Do, granny, give me a needle and thread; what will Aunt Conway say if I go back to her in this state?"

So she got the needle and thread, and Harry still sat on, watching as she worked.

"I find I am wrong about you two," he said, presently. "I thought you were Miss Russel's niece, Miss Scott, and that you lived here."

"Did you? How funny!" said Rachel. "I wish you were right, for then I need not climb hedges and ditches to get here. But you have not asked me what I came for to-day, granny. I suppose you have got an invitation to the croquet party at the Palace on Thursday; Aunt Conway won't come, and I want to know if you will take me."

"With pleasure, dear. Indeed I fully expect that I shall have to chaperon you everywhere this winter."

"Does the Palace patronize the Barracks?" asked Harry. "I am awfully fond of croquet, and I hear the Misses Bishop—what are their names, by-the-way?—are such nice girls."

"Oh, you are sure to be asked," cried Rachel. "They always have the officers. The Bishop is a very jolly old man—you need not look at me, granny, he is a jolly old man if he were twenty bishops! There, I have done, thank goodness! And now I must run away, or Aunt Conway will be scouring the country for me; she thinks the road much safer than the fields," she added, with a slight glance at Miss Russel.

"I must go, too," said Vaughan; "I have really paid a most unconscionable visit; but I hope Miss Russel, as you are such an old friend of my father's that you will allow me to see you sometimes. By-and-by I shall ask you to let me try your beautiful piano. I am mad about music."

The cunning fellow remembered having heard Miss Scott say that music was the only accomplishment she cared to learn at school, and he thought it was just possible that she might sometimes practice on her friend's piano.

"I shall be delighted to see you whenever you like to come," returned Miss Russel, warmly; "any evening that you feel an old woman's company"—he smiled when she called herself an old woman, and Rachel said, "Nonsense, granny!"—"will not bore you, you might come and play for me."

Rachel had a vague idea that she might, perhaps, in some way take part in these musical evenings, but the croquet party at the Palace was of first importance in her mind just then, and while Miss Russel and Vaughan were talking, she was hoping that her white muslin would not look as if it had been worn before, and thinking that she must coax her aunt to get her a new hat. Then she said good-by, and Harry said good-by, and they went down the avenue together, the latter delighted at his good fortune, and the former secretly hoping that some of her young lady acquaint-

ances would happen to be passing as she came out of the Lodge gates. But there was no one in sight, so she lost her little triumph.

"I am going this way," she said, pointing to a road which led away from the town; "good-by."

"But I am going this way, too," Vaughan replied; and if you will allow me, I shall take care that you are not frightened by any big dogs, and that you do not tear your dress again. There is nothing I enjoy so much as a real country walk."

Rachel felt sure that she ought to say "No;" but when she argued the point with herself afterwards, she decided that Mr. Vaughan had a perfect right to walk where he pleased. And so he had, I suppose.

"I wish she had staid at school for another year, and I wish she were not so pretty, now that she is at home, or that I could help loving her," said Miss Russel, as she stood watching her two visitors until they were quite out of sight; "and there is no use in warning her that perhaps that young man will only get up a flirtation with her just to amuse himself. It would spoil that pretty child-like manner of hers, which is one of her greatest charms. And supposing the boy were really to fall in love with her? But it would be time enough for him to marry these ten years—Let me think—he is about three or four-and-twenty now, and I am sure his father would not consider my pretty Rachel a suitable match for him. I hope he will not be silly enough to fall in love with the child, and yet it would be better than an idle flirtation—better for her, at least, poor little thing. He does not look like a man who would trifl with a girl's affections. He must be true with that smile and those eyes! How strange that I never heard his mother was dead. Poor Henry! how long it is since we met."

Yes; it was a very long time; but the freight of the past burns brightly for some—I suppose weakminded—people, and Miss Russel had every chink in her memory lighted up by it that afternoon, and I very much doubt whether the young people who had just left her, and whose life we might say was all future, were happier than she whose life we might say was all past.

Miss Russel had spoken truly when she said that Mr. Vaughan, of The Oaks, would not be likely to consider Rachel Scott a suitable match for his only son. She was of an excellent family by her mother's side; but by her father's, a nobody. He was a music-master and a public singer; a man whose talents were not of a very high order, but who was, nevertheless, able to make a fair livelihood by his profession. One of his pupils, when he was quite a young man, was Miss Ada Conway, a pretty, silly, romantic little thing, who forgot, as she listened to the sweet tenor voice of her master, and looked into his soft, dreamy, blue-gray eyes, that the blood of all the Conways ran in her veins, and that he was only Luigi Scotelli—his real name was Lewis Scott—the music-master.

The result was an elopement—estrangement from her family—a considerable falling off of his aristocratic pupils—struggles to keep up appearances on miserly means, under which the poor fragile, delicately reared wife sank, leaving the heartbroken husband with two little girls. Rachel, the youngest, was taken possession of by her mother's family, or rather by a grim elder sister of her mother's, and poor Scotelli was left to toil on as best he could. After some time things began to look brighter with him, and so the years passed on. Rachel grew up as we have seen her, and her sister grew up too, and took her place among the workers with her father.

Miss Conway brought up her niece to the best of her ability, and sent her to an admirable school; but she would have totally ruined the girl during her holidays by mismanagement, if Miss Russel had not done her best—and her best was a good deal—to counteract the old lady's influence. The result was that Rachel loved her kind friend with all her heart, and gave only respect and obedience to her aunt.

The existence of Rachel's rare musical talent had for a long time been a bone of contention between the aunt and the niece. The girl loved music passionately, and would fain have cultivated her really splendid voice to the utmost. Miss Conway, who considered the gift of song as a disgraceful inheritance from the music-master, only consented at last that her niece should have any instruction in the art she loved so enthusiastically when Rachel positively refused to open a book unless she was allowed to have lessons in both singing and playing.

So she came home "for good," as it is called, having had the advantage of instruction from the best masters, and even her aunt was obliged to admit, as she listened to Rachel's singing, that she might have inherited a more despicable gift from poor Scotelli than her glorious and now well-trained voice.

(To be continued.)

THE WASHINGTON LIGHT INFANTRY ARMORY, IN CHARLESTON, S. C.

IN the selection for a rendezvous for a military corps, two objects are usually considered, a location convenient for the members, and useful in a military point of view. If it was intended to fix the point nearest the centre of the city of Charleston, the lines from north to south and from east to west would intersect near the headquarters of the Fourth Brigade—the stately Military Hall on Wentworth Street, with its grand drill-room 80 x 120 feet, and its suites of rooms for the convenience of the city companies. One door west of this building is the Masonic Temple, at the corner of King and Wentworth Streets.

"I shall be delighted to see you whenever you like to come," returned Miss Russel, warmly; "any evening that you feel an old woman's company"—he smiled when she called herself an old woman, and Rachel said, "Nonsense, granny!"—"will not bore you, you might come and play for me."

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"I am going this way," she said, pointing to a road which led away from the town; "good-by."

"But I am going this way, too," Vaughan replied; and if you will allow me, I shall take care that you are not frightened by any big dogs, and that you do not tear your dress again. There is nothing I enjoy so much as a real country walk."

Rachel felt sure that she ought to say "No;" but when she argued the point with herself afterwards, she decided that Mr. Vaughan had a perfect right to walk where he pleased. And so he had, I suppose.

"I wish she had staid at school for another year, and I wish she were not so pretty, now that she is at home, or that I could help loving her," said Miss Russel, as she stood watching her two visitors until they were quite out of sight; "and there is no use in warning her that perhaps that young man will only get up a flirtation with her just to amuse himself. It would spoil that pretty child-like manner of hers, which is one of her greatest charms. And supposing the boy were really to fall in love with her? But it would be time enough for him to marry these ten years—Let me think—he is about three or four-and-twenty now, and I am sure his father would not consider my pretty Rachel a suitable match for him. I hope he will not be silly enough to fall in love with the child, and yet it would be better than an idle flirtation—better for her, at least, poor little thing. He does not look like a man who would trifl with a girl's affections. He must be true with that smile and those eyes! How strange that I never heard his mother was dead. Poor Henry! how long it is since we met."

Yes; it was a very long time; but the freight of the past burns brightly for some—I suppose weakminded—people, and Miss Russel had every chink in her memory lighted up by it that afternoon, and I very much doubt whether the young people who had just left her, and whose life we might say was all future, were happier than she whose life we might say was all past.

Miss Russel had spoken truly when she said that

Mr. Vaughan, of The Oaks, would not be likely to consider Rachel Scott a suitable match for his only son. She was of an excellent family by her mother's side; but by her father's, a nobody.

He was a music-master and a public singer; a man whose talents were not of a very high order,

but who was, nevertheless, able to make a fair

livelihood by his profession. One of his pupils,

when he was quite a young man, was Miss Ada

Conway, a pretty, silly, romantic little thing, who

forgot, as she listened to the sweet tenor voice of

her master, and looked into his soft, dreamy, blue-

gray eyes, that the blood of all the Conways ran

in her veins, and that he was only Luigi Scotelli

—his real name was Lewis Scott—the music-

master.

The result was an elopement—estrangement

from her family—a considerable falling off of

his aristocratic pupils—struggles to keep up

appearances on miserly means, under which the

poor fragile, delicately reared wife sank, leaving

the heartbroken husband with two little girls.

Rachel, the youngest, was taken possession of by

her mother's family, or rather by a grim elder sister

of her mother's, and poor Scotelli was left to toil

on as best he could. After some time things

began to look brighter with him, and so the years

passed on. Rachel grew up as we have seen her,

and her sister grew up too, and took her place

among the workers with her father.

Miss Conway brought up her niece to the best

of her ability, and sent her to an admirable school;

but she would have totally ruined the girl during

her holidays by mismanagement, if Miss Russel

had not done her best—and her best was a good

deal—to counteract the old lady's influence. The

result was that Rachel loved her kind friend with

all her heart, and gave only respect and obedience

to her aunt.

The existence of Rachel's rare musical talent

had for a long time been a bone of contention

between the aunt and the niece. The girl loved

music passionately, and would fain have cultivated

her really splendid voice to the utmost. Miss

Conway, who considered the gift of song as a

disgraceful inheritance from the music-master,

only consented at last that her niece should have

any instruction in the art she loved so enthusiastically

when Rachel positively refused to open a book

unless she was allowed to have lessons in both

singing and playing.

So she came home "for good," as it is called,

having had the advantage of instruction from the

best masters, and even her aunt was obliged to

admit, as she listened to Rachel's singing, that

she might have inherited a more despicable gift

from poor Scotelli than her glorious and now well-

trained voice.

(To be continued.)

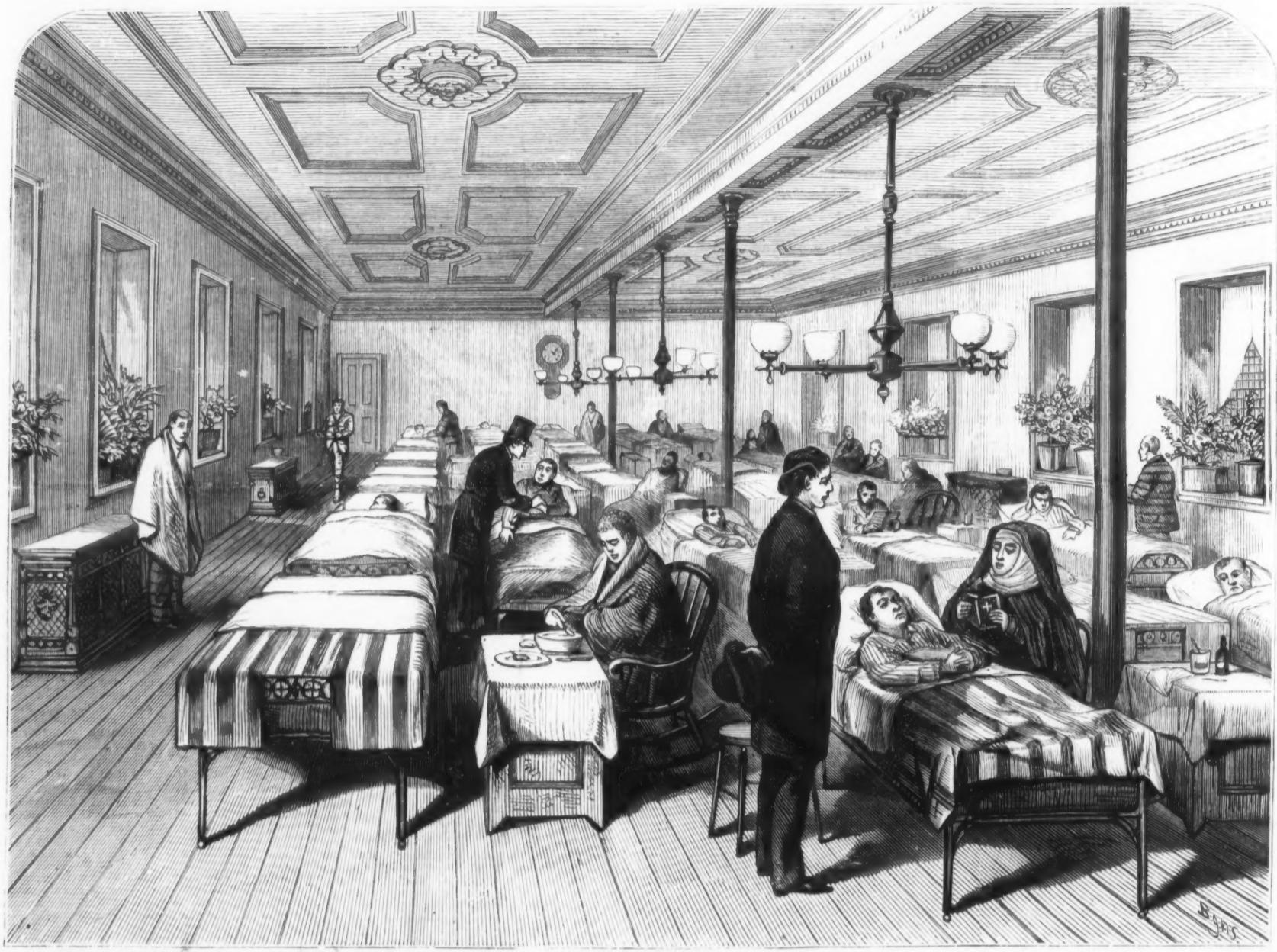
PERSONAL GOSSIP.

VICTOR EMMANUEL's personal debts amount to \$7,000,000.

ALL the young ladies in London are singing a song written by Lord Dunmore.

A SON-IN-LAW of W. W. Story, Cavaliere Sunone Peruzzi, is first gentleman at the Italian Court.

MESSRS. SIMON CAMERON and Montgomery Blair are now the only survivors of President Lincoln's original cabinet.



ATTENDING TO THE SICK IN THE PRISON HOSPITAL.

SING SING.

SOME INTERESTING PHASES OF CONVICT LIFE
IN THE SING SING PRISON.

THE LIBRARY.

THE library is a commodious apartment bearing a consequential air of "bookiness." In addition to the well-laden shelves, piles of volumes strew

the long counters, while magazines, pamphlets and periodicals lie about in graceful profusion. The library is under the immediate charge of the chaplain, under whose fostering care it freely flourishes. It contains 3,000 volumes. Two convicts—highly intelligent men—one of them speaking several languages, attend daily to issue books, pamphlets, school-books and letters, as this depart-

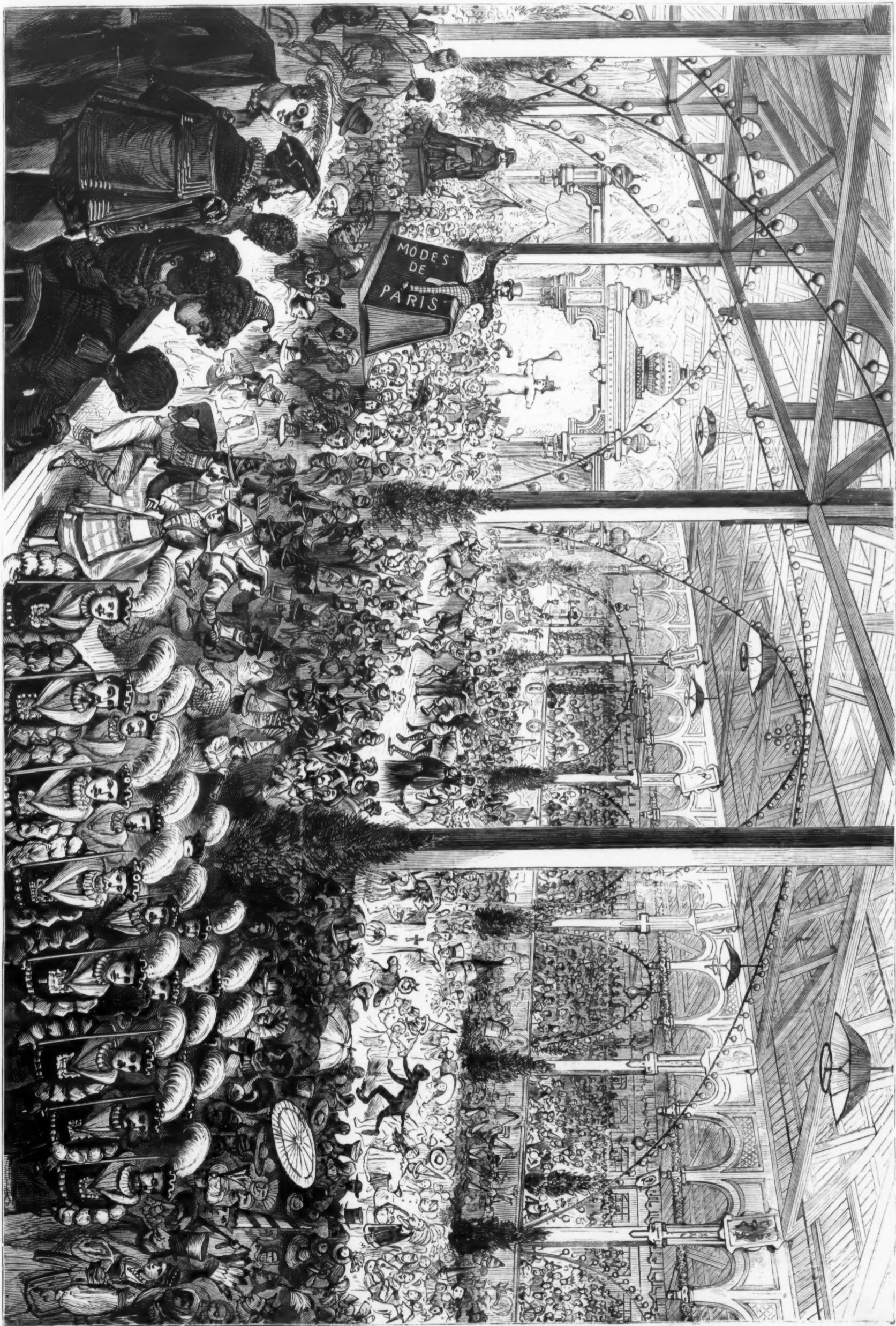
ment is also used as the post-office. The system for delivery and receipt is exceptionally good, its merits being dwelt upon by one of the custodians with something akin to enthusiasm. Books are given out twice a week, Wednesday and Saturday, and we were informed that the tenderest care is taken of the volumes, not a scratch or a mark being visible, to which the extreme cleanliness of the

paper covers bore ample and convincing testimony. Reading being the principal solace of the prisoners, it is pursued with an avidity that those who are exposed to the thousand and one distractions of the outer world little wot of. A book is the green oasis in the parched desert of a convict's existence, and to a book he rushes as the thirsty wayfarer to the refreshing spring. It even for the moment woos



THE PRISON LIBRARY AND POST-OFFICE—THE WARDEN EXAMINING THE MORNING MAIL.

NEW YORK.—SOME INTERIOR PHASES OF CONVICT LIFE AT THE SING SING STATE PRISON.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, A. BERGHAUS.



NEW YORK CITY.—THE "ARION" MASQUERADE BALL AT GILMORE'S GARDEN, ON FEBRUARY 21ST—THE TRIUMPHAL PROCESSION OF THE COURT OF KING ARION, AFTER HIS FIVE YEARS' SLUMBER.—SEE PAGE 14.

him from the living death of his surroundings, serving to lul his despairing senses, soothing as a day-dream. The letters addressed to the convicts, having been previously read by the Deputy Warden, are issued upon application. Any letter superscribed with an *alias* is held over until Sunday, when the name with *alias* is called aloud in chapel. Any book, periodical or newspaper sent to a prisoner is given to him with some necessary exceptions. Several of the New York illustrated weeklies are stopped in *transit*. Historical novels are most run upon, as are *FRANK LESLIE'S SUNDAY MAGAZINE* and *POULAR MONTHLY*. A good number of German books are applied for, of French not many; but few books are donated, the State supplying nearly all. There are school-books of every description, with slates and pencils. Books are allowed to be left out for two weeks. We glanced through the shelves and found the selection especially good, while the neat, but well-thumbed, condition of most of the volumes afforded conclusive evidence of the reading propensities of the prisoners.

THE HOSPITAL.

In our last issue we described the dispensary, which serves as an ante-room to the hospital, from which by a broad staircase we ascended to the hospital itself. Entering the chamber, wherein poor humanity suffers the ills of the flesh is heir to, one involuntarily gathers oneself together to confront the grim spectre of disease and death. Nor did this occasion prove an exception to the general rule: consequently, our surprise and pleasure were gratified to inordinate limits when Mr. Bingle ushered us into a bright, cheery, exquisitely neat, if not handsome, apartment, large, commodious, *homely*. White curtains, gayly festooned, slant out the cruel prison bars; flowers and greenery decked the window-sills; the beds, with coverlets white as the driven snow, the couches seemingly as soft as cedar down, stood a little apart; while a grateful warmth suffused itself through the hall of sickness gentle as was that of early Summer. Happily but few of the prisoners were on the sick-list, this being no exceptional instance, as the health of the inmates, as a rule, is excellent, while the average number of convicts in hospital is twelve—twelve out of one thousand six hundred.

There were but two convicts confined to bed on the occasion of our visit, while half a dozen others were scattered about the apartment languidly enjoying the delicacies ordered for those who are suffering from illness. Beside the bedside of one of the sufferers knelt a ministering angel in the form of a Sister of Charity, who, by her gift of pure womanhood, recalled to the hapless, helpless being the touch of a vanished hand, if not the tender grace of a day that was dead.

When a convict dies he is interred in the cemetery adjoining the prison; twelve prisoners attend the body to the grave, accompanied by four officers. The friends of the convict can claim his body, which is forthwith handed over to them, the authorities furnishing both coffin and shroud.

REAPPEARANCE OF ARION AND HIS JOVIAL COURTIERS.

AFTER an intermission of five years, the Arion Society of New York gave a grand fancy-dress ball in Gilmore's Garden, on Thursday evening, February 21st. Very few changes were made in the portion of the building reserved for the audience. The old boxes were retained, but such was the demand for reserved places that two additional tiers of boxes had to be built, and these were sold, before the ball opened, at advanced prices. What was once the racecourse of the Hippodrome—the promenade of the garden in its concert days—was floored over for this occasion, as was also the central part of the garden, which used formerly to be inclosed within a railing. The railing, however, was removed, and the long wooden seats, which formerly accommodated the audiences at the concerts, were ranged in line to serve the purpose of the former railing. Two of them were placed between each of the posts which support the centre of the vast structure, leaving just room enough between to admit of the passage of two persons. At each of these passageways a member of the floor committee was stationed, to prevent promenaders without masks from intruding before the tableaux were displayed or the dancing had begun. The whole floor was covered with smoothly planed boards, which were properly waxed for dancing, and the promenade was also nicely covered. One of the most beautiful floral decorations was a huge ball of flowers, five or six feet in diameter, which was suspended in the centre of the building. By an arrangement of wires, it was opened during the evening, and from it fell an immense number of *bon-bons*, each explosive in its nature, and an interesting confusion was created by the diversion. At the same time, a number of white pigeons were released, and these, as they flew, were weighted down by *bon-bons* tied about their necks, dropped them over their heads, and thus distributed the confusions in every direction. These *bon-bons* contained mottoes, and these also served to amuse or distress the more sentimental.

Among other decorations were the caricatures in water-colors, which surrounded the dancing-floor. There were 128 of these, and many of them were of an excellent character as far as design was concerned. Among the personages caricatured were Osman Pasha, Emperor William of Germany, Professor Danrosch, Theodore Thomas, Cotter, "the Spy," Owen Murphy, Mrs. Woodhill, Benjamin Butler, Carl Schurz, the Rev. H. W. Beecher, Miss Dickinson, Jay Gould, Oswald Ottendorfer, and all the leading New York editors. Another peculiarity was the naming of the various passageways or entrances to the wine-room—each had its distinctive name. Among these were "Silver Bill Avenue," "Vanity Fair Avenue," leading to the ladies' dressing-room; "Quack Pills Street"; "Rip Van Winkle Avenue"; "Goose Quill Avenue," leading to the press-room, and many other.

People began to pour in at the two entrances as early as 8:30 o'clock, and at 9 the lobbies were jammed full. The long spaces under the raised seats were devoted to rooms for the putting away of cloaks, coats and hats, and to stands for the sale of refreshments.

By way of a commencement of the amusement over a hundred musicians, under Dr. Danrosch, played an overture from "Rienzi" at 9 o'clock, and followed that with selections from "Die Folkunger," "Lurline," and "The Huguenot." The music was excellent, the orchestra having been under training for Sunday evening concerts, but the selections were not played in a nearly empty house, as is usually the case during the first hour of a ball. How many thousands there were of the listeners it would be hard to tell, for they filled the space set apart for spectators, most of the boxes, and a large part of the 364 by 120-foot dancing-floor—to which none but those in character costumes or dominoes were admitted.

The forty-four committee-men, costumed as falcons, and the twenty-two members of the lobby committee, in the dress of Charles X's time, emerged from the Moorish castle at 9:30, and went through with some military evolutions with a precision that indicated thorough drilling. The dancing was then commenced, but it was not joined in generally until much later; promenading seemed to be more to the liking of the company for the time being. The variety of costumes worn by the steadily augmented gathering of marchers was, perhaps, as great as ever presented on any similar occasion in this city.

In the part of the garden divided from the rest by the Moorish castle, preparation for the procession and a tableau were begun early, but it was eleven o'clock when the latter was shown by the raising of a curtain in the castle's front. A tropical landscape was disclosed, with Arion not yet awakened from his five years' sleep. He was surrounded by fairies. The curtain fell, and the procession moved out into sight. It was very elaborate, and included many comical things, as well as beautiful. The first division presented awakened Arion astride an enormous and resplendent dolphin, with the uniformed committee before mentioned as a body-guard, and a band of music preceding him. The division of Folly came next, commanded by a general on a hobby-horse, and made up of numerous caricatures of familiar characters. Beethoven was surrounded by representatives of his compositions. The members of the Police, Health, and Excise boards were collected under one big hat. There were companies of organ-grinders, Chinamen, negroes, gladiators and tops. Worth was drawn by women on an immense book of Paris fashion. The gold and silver fight was represented by kni-hits whose shields were huge coins. The third division was headed by Prince Carnival in a gorgeous chariot, drawn by three horses. Around him were grouped pages, jesters, and princesses. The pageant was in itself a pleasing entertainment, and was liberally applauded by the spectators.

Over 400 boxes were sold, realizing over \$5,000 for these places alone. Besides, not less than 4,500 tickets of admission, costing \$5 each, and admitting a gentleman and one lady only—realized \$22,500. With the sale of wines, charges of coat-room, etc., etc., the total receipts must have reached \$30,000. Deduct \$15,000 for decorations, and the Arion Society must have had a good thing as well as a good time of it.

FUN.

TWO-BUTTON KIDS—A young goat-fight.

THE WATER BOARD—An artesian well.

WILL complications in the (y)east affect the rising of the sun?

WE may not possess a castle in Spain, but we have a Cochin China.

Of course brewers love brunettes. Not unless the brew nets a fortune.

THE sentiment in Algiers is for peace. "Take no thought for Morocco; sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

IT may sound like a paradox, yet the breaking of both wings of an army is a pretty sure way of making it fly.

THE "Turkish braid" is the latest novelty in hair-dressing, but the Russian girls say you can't pla-on them.

"MARRIAGE? Pooh! don't men-shun-it!" exclaimed the maiden aunt. "Indeed they don't," replied her lovely niece.

THE telegraph tariff between France and Germany is four cents a word. Germany gets the most for the money—in bulk.

KING HUMBERT's first act was to sell a thousand of his father's horses. That certainly doesn't indicate any fondness for the reign.

IT is suggested that one reason why so many marriages turn out unhappily is, because the bridegroom is never the "best man" at the wedding.

THESE is a Georgia darkey who labors under the hallucination that his rations are brought him every day by an angel. We should call that a clear case of mental hab-a-ration.

WASHINGTON didn't object to titles. "His excellency" always seemed to please him; but could he see the monument that is erected for him he would be disgusted with his eminence.

A PALMER Irishman is credited with sending the following telegraphic message to his brother in New York: "Your wife died yesterday. We will wake her to-night. Come home. P. S.—Don't open this for two hours, so as to prepare yourself for the melancholy news."

AT a duel the parties discharged their pistols without effect, whereupon one of the seconds interfered and proposed that the combatants should shake hands. To this the other second objected as unnecessary. "For," said he, "their hands have been shaking this half hour."

HOW DID Eve get those hebbies? A man grabs quilts and sheets at one clutch, yanks them down and dives into bed, but a woman carefully turns down each cover, smooths off the pillow, tucks down the foot, and slides under the sheet as softly as a pawnbroker's statement.

THE valorous Softas of Constantinople, who used to be heard from so frequently before the Russians crossed the Danube, seem to have inconveniently subsided, now that the Cossacks are rappaging at their gates. They must be like our Home Guards—"warranted to leave home only in case of invasion."

A CORRESPONDENT asks, "What is the best method of feeding cattle in Winter?" We don't exactly know. One man might prefer to take the ox in his lap and feed him with a spoon. Others would bring him into the dining-room, and let him sit at the table with the old folks. Tastes differ in matters of this kind.

"WHO IS your pastor, my dear?" asked a good old lady from the country, addressing her daughter, who has been living in the city for half a year or so. "Really, mother, I scarcely know. I never saw him. He was away on a vacation last Summer, and now he has started on his lecturing tour for the Winter. I may get acquainted with him next Spring."

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THE CRISIS.

WHAT, think you, would be the result if the earth should stop spinning around the sun? Were you ever near a large and intricate machine when one of its wheels became clogged or broken—near enough to hear the grating, jarring crash, the sudden, deafening crash? Astronomers assure us that precisely similar effects, only on an inconceivably grander scale, would be produced if our earth—one of the wheels in the universe-machine—should suddenly cease its revolutions. In other words, there would be a general clash and crash of satellites, planets and systems. What we term financial crises are due to similar causes. One of the wheels in the finance-machine becomes clogged, perhaps shattered. The terrible Wall-street "crash" which follows, is communicated to every part of the financial mechanism of the country. But analogies do not stop here. There is that other mechanism, the most intricate of all—sometimes called an organism because it generates its own forces—the human machine. When one of its members fails to perform its office, the whole system is thrown into disorder. Members before considered unassassable, break down under the unnatural pressure. The shock comes, and utter prostration is the result. Reparation can only be effected by the restoration of the impaired parts and the readjustment of its levers—the physical forces. There is one part of the machine more liable to disorder than any other—the liver—the great balance-wheel of the machine.

The liver being the great depurating or blood-cleansing organ of the system, set it at work, and the foul corruptions which gender in the blood, and rot out, as it were, the machinery of life, are gradually expelled from the system. For this purpose Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, used daily, and Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, taken in very small doses, are pre-eminently the articles needed. They cure every kind of humor from the worst scrofula to the common pimple, blotch or eruption. Great eating ulcers kindly heal under their mighty curative influence. Virulent blood-poisons that lurk in the system are by them robbed of their terror, and by their persevering and somewhat protracted use, the most tainted systems may be completely renovated and built up anew. Enlarged glands, tumors and swellings dwindle away and disappear under the influence of these great resolvents.

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5 Prizes of 1,000	5,000
20 Prizes of 700	10,000
100 Prizes of 100	10,000
200 Prizes of 50	10,000
500 Prizes of 20	10,000
1,000 Prizes of 10	10,000

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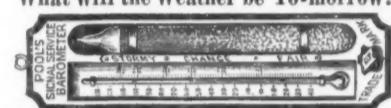
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